4th Edition

THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

No. 8906.—Vol. LVII. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1893. Price One Penny.

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DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
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EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)
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MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-DAY at 2, and TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, called
THE TEMPTER.
Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baidie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowis, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Neilson.
MATINEE of THE TEMPTER TO-DAY, and EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2. Seats may now be booked two months in advance. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera,
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
(Last Seven Nights).
Mesdames J. Nesville, Amy Augarde, H. Crofton, M. A. Victor, Ellis Jeffreys, B. Vere; Messrs. Comtice Pounds, W. Blakeley, S. Valentine, W. Dale, C. Davenport, S. Hemsley, G. Humphery. At 2.15, POOR MIGNONETTE. MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.
TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rudge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 6. Doors open 7.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, George Edwardes.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,
with the following powerful cast:—
Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.
Box-Office open 10 to 6 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2. Doors open 1.45.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee, W. S. Penley.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By Brandon Thomas.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. Comyns Carr.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
SOWING THE WIND.
Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. J. Byron; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery.
Doors open 7.45. Box-office (Mr. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 14, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.—COMEDY.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Manager, F. J. Harris.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (175rd time). John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Templar Saxe, Lilian Redfern, and Letty Lind. At 7.45, REX HARLEY, the inimitable mimic of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2.30. Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Augustin Daly's Company, in
THE FORESTERS,
By Alfred Lord Tennyson and Sir Arthur Sullivan
Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN,
Arthur Bourchier as Robin Hood, and Herbert Gresham, George Clarke, Lloyd Daubigny, Catherine Lewis, &c.
MATINEE THIS DAY (SATURDAY), October 7, at 2. Also SATURDAY NEXT, October 14. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries and by telegraph and telephone. Doors open 7.40.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Open 7.30. At 8.40, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA. At 10.30, CHICAGO. Varieties by PAT and MIKE, the Marvellous Baboon and Donkey (first appearance in England), Hor Thora, The Four Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Polaskis, Amy Lyster, The HILLY SISTERS, &c., &c.

EMPIRE.
TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets, KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, invented by Mr. George Edwardes, the whole arranged by Mdme. Katti Lanner, the music specially composed, and incidental music arranged by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel. The following artistes are engaged to support these two grand spectacles:—Mdlle. Hetta Sarcy, Signorina Savigny, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. John Ridley, Mr. W. Bishop, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi. Costumes by Wilhelm, executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Auguste et Cie., and Mr. M. Angelo. Scenery by Messrs. Eyre Telbin, and Henry Emden. Varieties at 7.45: Armand Ary, Cinquevalli Marie Lloyd, Charlie Morritt, C. Tilbury, Ardel and Donaldson, R. G. Knowles, Brothers Webb, &c., &c. Doors open, 7.30.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.
At no place in the world can so many sights be seen. Tobacco Growth and Manufacture. See the Wonderful Performing Dogs. The Fakir Fleas. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Waxworks and Tortures. Free Varieties, 2, 6, 8, 9.30. Special (free) Grand Variety Entertainments, 2 and 7. Lord's Tame Performances. Performing Animals, Les Bengalis. The Four-Legged Dance, Strong Men of France, Ballet Quartette, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free), 8.30. See Living Head in 4 and 8, the Boxing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 3 and 10. Free Brilliant Promenade, Pearl v. Taylor (Thurston's Talent), Talking and Laughing Seal. The Human Phenomenon eating candles, coal, coke, &c.

ONE THING OR T'OTHER.

No one who is acquainted with South African affairs, or who has followed closely the course of events during the last few months will be surprised at the news from Cape Town which is published to-day. We have persistently warned the public that war with the Matabele was almost inevitable. That Lobengula himself was anxious to avoid a war may be taken for granted. He alone perhaps amongst the Matabele realizes that there can be only one issue to the struggle. But he has, like Falstaff, grown old and fat, and he can no longer control the fanaticism of his young bloods, who do not know what a contest with the white men involves. It was all along foreseen by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the authorities of the South Africa Company that his hand would be forced, and it has been forced. The Bechuanaland Border Police while patrolling the south bank of the Shashi river were fired upon by an advance party of Matabele. The fire was returned, the police were reinforced and the Matabele retired. The incident is in itself insignificant except as an indication that the long expected crisis has occurred. As Sir Henry Loch puts it in his despatch to the Colonial Office, "the Matabele approaching so close, and taking the offensive, indicate, I think, that the impis have got out of hand, and intend to force a war." Whether the forces attacked were those of the South Africa Company or those acting under the orders of the representatives of the Crown, does not matter much so far as the scene of action is concerned. The Matabele do not draw nice distinctions between the servants of the Chartered Company and the servants of the Queen. To them all white men are the same. But it matters a great deal at home. There are people, of whom Mr. Labouchere may be held as a type, who take it for granted that a company formed to explore a country, and admittedly working to make money, must be actuated by the most evil motives towards the autochthons. Every move made and every conflict with the natives are regarded as proofs of a sinister design to exterminate the lower races with a view to fill the pockets of rapacious shareholders. How fatuous that belief is is known to all who have been concerned in the work of opening up new countries. Every motive of self-interest dictates to these pioneers of industry to do their utmost to get on with the natives. But there is no disguising the fact that these erroneous views are held by a not inconsiderable section of politicians, and that they are preached sedulously to a necessarily ignorant public.

It is fortunate, therefore, in one sense that it is not the servants of the South Africa Company that have been attacked, but the Imperial police. It makes no difference, of course, in fact, but it does make a difference in the light in which that fact will be regarded by sentimental people in England. If the Matabele were a civilized race studying Blue-books and English newspapers, the almost exaggerated anxiety displayed by the Home Government and their representatives in South Africa would have been construed as a sign of fear. Fortunately, however, the Matabele do not know of the existence of Mr. Labouchere or of the Aborigines' Protection Society, or of the dread with which these emotional and not too well-informed persons are regarded by the powers that be.

As a matter of fact, if we were guided solely by reasons of humanity—to use the cant phrase—we should have brought the Matabele to reason long ago. The Matabele are, and for some years have been, as a *Times* correspondent truly says, the only menacers of a general peace among the tribes and people south of the Zambesi. Respect for their independence has not helped the cause of humanity. They are savage invaders, with all the vices as well as the virtues of a purely warrior race. The real sons of the soil, whose interests the Aborigines' Protection Society might have been expected to have at heart, are the luckless Mashona, whom it is the delight of the Matabele to raid and harry. But the main question, of course, is the protection of the white men engaged in exploiting the country. Fortunately the outbreak of hostilities has been long foreseen by those in authority in South Africa. While a great deal of sentimental nonsense has been talked at home, Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his colleagues have been preparing for that which events have justified them in regarding as the inevitable. They are confident that, given a free hand, they can cope with the difficulty by themselves. It is probable that they know best, for they have been long enough forewarned to be thoroughly forearmed. But this does not absolve the Home Government from responsibility. The Chartered Company has allowed itself to be guided by the Colonial Office, often against its own better judgment, in its dealings with Lobengula. It was promised, in return, support in the event of certain contingencies occurring. These contingencies have occurred, and the Government is bound to see that nothing is left undone that can ensure the complete and final triumph of the Company over the Matabele. South Africa has taught us many painful lessons, and chief among them, learnt bitterly and at great cost, is that no policy save that of "thorough" has any chance of success. If we do not intend to make our supremacy in South Africa an unquestioned reality, we had far better clear out, bag and baggage, and leave the work to other and less nervous hands.

A PRIVATE MENAGERIE.

A Visit to Captain Marshall's Zoological Gardens at Marlow.

The rain was coming down in torrents one day last week when I got out of the train at the little red-brick station of Great Marlow, and I began to think it was not the most fascinating day I could have chosen to wander about a farm.

A few words of explanation seem necessary about here to let you know the object of my visit to Great Marlow upon this unpleasantly wet day. There are hobbies and hobbies, but of all the hobbies I ever heard of, that of keeping private zoological gardens appears to me the wildest, not to say most expensive, I have come across. At first sight Captain Marshall is about the last man one would suspect of entertaining such an amusement. When he begins to talk, however, it is easy to see that his great love of animals has led him to indulge his penchant to the full, and that even matrimony, which he has recently given way to, has not been sufficient to quite exterminate his fancy for the beautiful and interesting in wild animal nature.

A Pet Lioness.

For several years wanderers and picnickers on the Thames above Marlow have wondered at the sight of emus, ostriches, elephants, elks, and buffaloes roaming apparently at will in the fields surrounding a pretty red brick cottage on the river bank; and more than once ladies have been rendered somewhat nervous at the appearance of a tall, handsome, military-looking man seated on the lock, with a sleek lioness crouching at his side, watching the smoke wreaths curling from his cigarette.

The gentleman was Captain E. Marshall, of Great Marlow, the lioness his pet, or one of them, for of his large and almost unique collection there is hardly a bird or animal that does not know him and come to him or follow him about as a dog does an ordinary individual. My visit to Great Marlow was to see the collection, at the kind invitation of the proprietor.

The carriage stopped at the front door of the bungalow, which was opened by "a gentleman of colour," whom his master addressed as "Wurzel."

"His name is Mango," Captain Marshall explained to me, "so I call him Wurzel;" which explanation had to be satisfactory, for none other was vouchsafed. A glance inside the hall is sufficient to tell the captain's hobby. A beautiful little "harness" deer lies in stuffed stillness under the hat stand; a jet black parrot chatters in a huge cage upon the floor; in three more cages are birds of various species—among them my host pointed out a curiously marked and plumaged bird, whose name he said he did not know, but which talks in the Chinese language with remarkable fluency. And, as though this were not enough, a great Siberian wolf-hound, with long nose and wild brown eyes and silky coat, comes and makes your acquaintance in a serious way; while a tiny black and white Japanese pug comes cheekily up to you and invites you to play.

"Shall we go out and see the animals at once?" asks the Captain. "What time must you get back to London?" and as I answer the latter question first, he turns and gives an order to the coachman, then leads the way through a pretty drawing-room, where, seated among lovely Japanese carved cabinets and delicate bronzes and cloissonés of unknown age, is a pretty little lady, to whom I was introduced. It is Mrs. Marshall.

Out into the rain once more. But it is not coming down quite so heavily now. A few hundred yards from the house I see two or three rows of low wooden sheds, which, Captain Marshall tells me, with a laugh, are his animal houses. And then he regrets that some of them are gone, for he

COUNTRY NOTES.

"The sere, the yellow leaf" has come at last, and October tells us plainly that the long bright summer is ended. He has assailed thicket and woodland with his keenest gales and coldest showers, and the whirling leaves fly before him. Poor Wat, astonished at the clamour, has betaken himself to the open fields. At least the rustling of fallen leaves, the swaying of "loose and melancholy" boughs, the continued drop, drop of acorn and hazel and chestnut, are generally quoted to account for his change of quarters, but a more satisfactory reason may be given. In the plentitude of summer growth many of his natural enemies found cover in the fields, but now that the last patch of corn is stacked and the delvers are at work in the potato breaks, the fox ceases to camp out, the stoat and the weasel retreat to the underwoods and evict the hare. Wild animals soon get accustomed to natural sounds, and it is not consonant with what we know of their ways that the commotion attending "the ruin of the year" should terrify them.

It is a month of movement among the birds, some arriving, many flying away. The last swallow says good-bye, and no longer is the landrail, as was the case in September, likely to be knocked over by the partridge-shooter. Among decaying foliage the blue titmouse finds a well-stored larder of insects, so he gathers to the woods; but the voracious sparrow, who has been levying blackmail on the farmer, no longer finding the fields covered with food, draws nigh to town, and homestead, and village with serene and untroubled conscience. Among welcome guests is the short-eared owl, who, observers on the spot say, took up permanent quarters in Scotland while the vole plague raged. Because he comes with the woodcock—the most welcome of arrivals—he has been named the woodcock owl. Golden plover have already been seen, and sea-fowl of various kinds are day by day making their appearance.

With the approach of winter certain energetic reformers in London are making strenuous efforts to induce country boards of guardians to acquire land on which to give the unemployed work. Already the somewhat impracticable proposal has been made that a certain board of guardians in Essex should acquire two or three of the farms vacant in that county, and set the poor and needy to till it. The general scheme has a certain political colour—for it is being pushed by Socialists; but that is no reason for either accepting or rejecting it. Country boards of guardians are as a rule composed of sensible men, quite destitute of theory, who will weigh any such proposal and judge it by its merits. But unfortunately it is just one of those ideas that are prescribed to be taken with a very large admixture of theory and no practice.

The originators of the plan base the proposal on what seems at first glance the simplest statement. They say: "You have on one hand a great deal of land utterly idle; on the other, a vast number of hands equally idle. Why not bring the two together and change idleness into production?" It seems as easy as shelling peas. By a little arrangement, lo! the derelict farms will blossom like the rose, and the lean and hungry tramp will be transformed into a fat and happy labourer. When you come to apply the doctrine, however, difficulties crop up. First and foremost, are the unemployed able and willing to undertake farm work—that is, digging, for that is what it amounts to? We doubt it. Few of them have been bred to agricultural labour, or know anything about it, and fewer still would relish the sore bones which a spell of spade work would give them. The casual grumbles at picking oakum or breaking stones; what would he do if confronted with a long day of really hard labour?

Secondly, the empty farms, as it happens, are to be sought where the population is scant, the unemployed abound where it is dense. What the scheme means, therefore—if it means anything—is that the paupers of Canning Town or Bethnal Green should be shipped off to Norfolk or Cambridgeshire. Most of us would liefer see the have-nots preparing cabbage ground in Little Pedlington than have them marching up and down the streets to doleful music, but the experiment would be costly. Would the Bethnal Green ratepayer fork out the funds to convey his lackall hence—feed, board, and clothe him in a strange land? One need not be very sceptical to doubt it. And unfortunately there can be no doubt that a heavy expenditure is involved, for bands of paupers will not succeed where skilled farmers have failed.

Thirdly, on what terms would boards of guardians acquire or rent the land? If they purchased outright—a very remote contingency—they become owners of a depreciating property saddled with burdens of money payable to Church and State, constituting an unending impost on the ratepayers; if they rented the land they could not expect to obtain it at less than it cost the owner, which in most cases signifies several shillings an acre But the very reason why the land is idle is because not even on these terms will it pay. The truth of the matter is simply this: at the ordinary cost of labour in this country—and it would cause a terrible cry if these people were paid less—food cannot be raised so cheaply as it can be bought from abroad. Nor has experience ever yet shown that State employment—it would amount to that—is more economical than private enterprise.

October is pre-eminently a poaching month, and gamekeepers and watchers will have an anxious time for the next few weeks. In dull times, or during those labour wars which have become incessant, there is always a certain proportion of the men out of work who, partly from sheer hunger and partly from love of excitement, take to poaching. There would not be much cause to deplore the fact but for the raids made by groups of roughs from the town, who in the most unsportsmanlike manner descend on the covers and rob them. And they are even worse on the rivers. It is no unusual occurrence for from sixty to seventy stone of fish to be taken from one trout stream in the North, and speared salmon are as cheap and plentiful as larks in a London poulterer's. Such poaching as is going on now at the mouth of the Tweed is a robbery of the poor fishermen who ply their craft for bread.

The ingenious village ne'er-do-well, who poaches because nature intended him for a sportsman only it did not come off, is a rare though not an extinct species. He is still to be seen occasionally, slouching about in an ill-fitting coat that is one large pocket. Probably he is addicted to illicit cocking, and has a game bantam that has killed many a pheasant just outside the plantations. He takes a certain cruel delight also in boiling maize and industriously inserting in each grain such a bristle as the cobbler points his ends withal, and the pheasant eating this cunningly contrived lure, finding it sticking in his throat, runs into the hedge, and, endeavouring to get rid of the obstacle, speedily chokes himself. Most of all, however, does he depend on his nets of silk and his nooses of horse-hair, instruments which require to be very cleverly handled to be effective. No one who has not tried his methods can appreciate the difficulty of his art. The reason why this style of poacher is heard so little of is that the gamekeeper takes the law in his own hands, and vindicates order by administering a wholesome thrashing to the delinquent.

is selling his collection. This is rather a pity, but I do not doubt there is plenty left for me to see; and I am not disappointed when in a few moments, amid the loud barking noises of an Australian screecher (a curious bird which, I am told, follows the members of the household all about the grounds) I find myself before a series of bird houses, and see what is probably the most perfect collection of that strange species of bird, the crane, in the world. Every known kind is represented—crowned cranes, demoiselles, Australian, Canadian, White Indian, Manchurian, Sarces—and every one is in most perfect plumage, and looks as if the climate of Great Marlow were that of its native land.

ROUND THE CAGES.

Then there are storks and adjutants and herons, and Captain Marshall only regrets that none of them will breed in captivity. He takes me a little further on, however, and we find a pair of fine emus, which have paired and have produced two eggs. So their owner is in hopes that in time he will get a little emu if he cannot get a young Manchurian crane.

"Come in and see my gnus," says the Captain, as he opens the door of one of the sheds; "mind the coati mundi;" and it is well that he gives me the warning, or I should step upon the quaintly beautiful little ring-tailed, long-nosed animal which is running about at the length of his chain in the passage-way.

My guide stops to stroke and pat and say a kind word to a beautiful leopard—which purrs and fawns upon him as he passes—and leads the way beside the cage of a great, fierce-looking tiger, whose appearance seems to belie his nature, for he welcomes his owner and master as effusively as the leopard, and we reach a large loose box in which are stabled the gnus.

Shy, delicate, frightened things they are, the very hideousness of their bison-like heads completely overshadowed by the soft nervous eyes, the beautiful shape of the bodies, the long white silken tails, the long thin legs like those of a thoroughbred, even though terminating in four cloven feet like those of a cow.

"Strange-looking animals, are they not?" asks my guide. "Perfectly untameable. Not because they are fierce, but because they are so frightened. I suppose they could be put to some use too, if they could be tamed, for they must be both strong and fleet with those perfect proportions. I wonder how they were evolved. They seem to have a bit of everything in them: head and horns of a bison, body of a deer, legs and tail of a horse, feet of a cow. Queer, isn't it?" And I agree with him.

"I am sorry my elephants are not here. They are away performing. I would have liked you to see my baby. Come and see the pheasants." And we pass along through the houses where are the kangaroos and the big black American bear and the wombat—which the captain stops to scratch—and the zebu cow and the alpacas. I note that nearly all the animals know him and put their noses up to give him a welcome as he passes by; and the astonishment I originally experienced at learning his hobby gives way altogether to a sentiment of something like surprise that he should entertain the idea of parting with any of the strange but affectionate pets.

And so we proceed to the pheasant aviaries, the extent of which may be imagined when I say that they are five hundred feet long and fifty feet high. Here are some thirty or forty different species of the pheasant tribe, many of them sufficiently rare for me to be told they are the only specimens in England or Europe.

I am not so interested in these very lovely birds, though I sufficiently admire their beauty, as I am in the rats which appear to run wild—or, rather, almost tame, there are so many of them—about the enclosures.

WHAT IT COSTS.

"Yes," says Captain Marshall, "we catch and kill two or three dozen every day, but we neither seem to be able to exterminate them nor keep them down. No, they do not attack the old birds, but they suck the eggs and they eat the young. We have to keep a very sharp look-out."

Then, presently, as we once more reach the house, and are seated together pleasantly chatting in the pretty drawing-room, looking out on to beds of flowers in full bloom, Captain Marshall tells me how he has recently made a trip round the world, and how he brought all the beautiful Japanese ware home with him, together with several of the animals and birds he has shown me. And I notice that Mrs. Marshall also has a slight fondness for animals, for in a cage beside the fireplace are a pair of exquisite little marmosets which are her property.

"One of them got out this morning," she tells me, "but I was in quite a way until I got him back again. They are so mischievous, you know, they would tear up and destroy everything they can lay hands upon."

"I am trying to get some giraffes," the Captain told me, later on, "but they are very difficult to get now, and I am not sure that I shall keep up my collection, at any rate. It is very expensive. That," waving his hand towards the sheds, "costs about £3,000 a year." But I could not help thinking that there was more in it than racehorses, and that, after all, it was not quite so expensive.

OMAR'S ROSE.

[To-day a rose tree grown of a seedling brought from the grave of Omar Khayyám at Naishapur, and grafted on an English stem, will be planted on the grave of Edward Fitzgerald, Omar's translator, at Boulge.]

From Naishapur to England, from the tomb
Where Omar slumbers to the Narrow Room
That shrines Fitzgerald's ashes, Persia sends
Perfume and Pigment of her Rose to bloom.

Wedded with Rose of England, for a sign
That English lips, transmuting the divine
High-piping music of the song that ends,
As it began, with Wine and Wine and Wine.

Across the ages caught the words that fell
From Omar's mouth and made them audible
To the unnumbered sitters at Life's Feast
Who wear their hearts out over Heaven and Hell.

Vex not to-day with wonder which were best,
The Student, Scholar, Singer of the West,
Or Singer, Scholar, Student of the East—
The soul of Omar burned in England's breast.

And howsoever Autumn's breezes blow
About this Rose, and Winter's fingers throw,
In mockery of Oriental noons,
Upon this grass the monumental snow;

Still in our dreams the Eastern Rose survives
Lending diviner fragrance to our lives:
The World is old, cold, warned by waning moons,
But Omar's creed in English verse revives.

The fountain in the tulip-tinted dale,
The manuscript of some melodious tale
Babbling of love and lover's passion-pale,
Of Rose, of Cypress, and of Nightingale;

The cup that Saki proffers to our lips,
The cup from which the Rose-Red Mercy drips,
Bidding forget how, like a sinking sail,
Day after day into the darkness slips;

The wisdom that the Watcher of the Skies
Won from the wandering stars that soothed his eyes,
The legend writ below, around, above—
"One thing at least is certain, this Life flies;"

These were the gifts of Omar—these he gave
Full-handed: his Disciple sought to save
Some portion for his people, and their love
Plants Omar's Rose upon an English grave.

J. H. McC.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The sympathetic people who are contributing to the Miners' Relief Funds are fighting, we fear, in vain against the odds. The *Chronicle* this morning endeavours to whip up subscriptions by appealing in a quasi-religious vein to the denominations and the churches. Perhaps this is expecting a little too much after that paper's depreciatory remarks on Mr. Tom Mann's desire to turn curate. The funds seem to be splitting up in a misguided manner. We have a General Fund, and a Women and Children's Fund; and this morning some enthusiast full of pity has started a "Tobacco Fund." It only remains for another to "go one better" and raise a "snuff subscription" or an "afternoon beer collection." Miss Frances Willard, it appears, held out as long as she could against the *Chronicle's* appeals, but now she "can stand its pleading words no longer"; and having no money by her she has sent her watch, which "has kept time for me on the Women's Temperance Platform." We are glad Miss Willard has wakened up at last. But it will surely embarrass him if the *Chronicle* young man has to act the part of Savonarola.

The Archbishop of Westminster, good hopeful man, has found, it seems, a "key" to that strange complexity of questions which are known under the general and vague title of "The Social Problem." One might naturally be disposed to turn with some eagerness towards any such discovery to which so sanguine a term as "key" might even by its author be applied. Nor let us deal too harshly in our thoughts with Cardinal Vaughan when we find out that after all he has given us nothing worthy of meditation. It is all very well to declare that "harmony between capital and labour" is necessary; but it is just a little guileless to suppose that the statement involves its own revelation of the means whereby the thing is to be done.

Nor are the other remedies dictated by his Eminence altogether convincing, consisting as they do in the recognition of Great Abstract Principles which hold their sanctuaries very far indeed from the everyday weariness and fret of humanity. The sacramental character of marriage, the Christian brotherhood of men, the nobility of Labour—these may all be admirable bases of society, for anything we know to the contrary, but to utter them blandly, and to leave them there afar from the care, the want, the sin of the times is not exactly to fulfil the lofty claims of having discovered a "Key to the Social Problem."

The death of Mr. Ford Madox Brown takes from us yet another Pre-Raphaelite, and one of the most conspicuous. The little company is now pitifully dwindled, and the traditions of the school are well-nigh extinct. Yet, in a way, it has left an impress on the present generation quite remarkable. All that was best in the art of the fifties was represented in the group that surrounded Rossetti—at least, all that had vitality and significance. We have changed our opinions and our ideals often and much since then, but we still retain the sense of some primary lessons taught us by the Pre-Raphaelites. Symbolism is nothing to us now, but our artists to-day have still the conscientiousness and devotion to art which characterized Mr. Madox Brown and his companions.

Pallas was a ruffian, something of a maniac, and in intent a murderer of more than common depravity. These qualities he shared with every other active Anarchist in the world, and the merely talkative Anarchist is really a far more contemptible person than he. His death was quite a triumph in swagger and brag: he ate well and smoked steadily to the last, and only once did he show any displeasure. That was when the priests woke him in a last effort to thrust the consolations of religion down his throat. He told his eldest boy that he was going to die for his ideas; and we wish that all the other Anarchists, especially those who invent the ideas, now that they know how a good Anarchist can die, would do it. The worst of the people who talk nonsense about the framework of society and incite their victims to upset it is that they cannot see that their opinions ought logically to drive them to suicide.

Mr. Bayley, M.P., is astuter than the ordinary Gladstonian member. He sees the way the world is wagging, and would wag with it. When the time comes for the General Election the Government will suffer severely in the mining districts, unless its supporters are all as wise as Mr. Bayley. All the same that gentleman does not come out of the strike as well as he might. For if, as he says, the coalowners sprung this lock-out upon the men in order "to free themselves from their contract liabilities and clear off their accumulations of coal at a very handsome figure," he is condemned out of his own mouth. He has been a long time discovering the iniquity of this proceeding—two months or more; and in the meantime we presume he has been getting rid of his accumulations as he explains. But if the coalowners are really playing us this trick it is time the public knew it. We should understand then where we were—and what to do.

While our own men are preparing for war against the Matabele, France and Spain are both acting as if it were not for them to be at peace while there is fighting abroad. General Dodds will soon be at his old work of carrying fire and sword through the north Abomey country (in whose neighbourhood we ourselves may find it necessary before long to chastise the Ashantis), and the Spaniards do not seem to think that the recent outrageat Melilla will be avenged without bloodshed. The Sultan of Morocco, whose constant dread is that he will be "eaten up" by one or other of the European Powers, is exerting his influence in the interest of peace. But the Moorish blood is up: the country from the sea to the desert is awake with watch-fires each night, and those who desire peace will have a difficult task before them, in which every day makes it less likely that they will succeed.

We are glad to see there is still one European Power unbesotted by sentimentalism, in its politics at least. The German Government has approved the action of its representative at Rio who refused to join the absurd and rather iniquitous combination against Admiral Mello. It seems, too, that what, for want of a better term, must be called the Brazilian Government dislikes this silly European interference as much as Admiral Mello dislikes it. If the representatives of the Powers fancy that they must go about saving the life and property of belligerents, why do they not interfere with the soldiers, who are daily to be caught red-handed in all manner of robbery and murder? Now that Mello has shown that he does not mean to submit to dictation, and has resumed the bombardment as if there were no Europe in the world and no European Ministers at Rio, we trust that the two parties will be left to fight it out. Fight they will somehow; and you will never get a South American to believe that a consul or a minister interferes in local politics with a disinterested motive.

A correspondent writes:—"Das Feld behalten" (to hold the field) is so thoroughly a popular phrase in German that it occurs in a well-known saw, which an English friend, who has just returned from Switzerland and heard it there, has been much struck with. It runs thus:—

Das Geld ist Geld;
Die Welt ist Welt.
Ein guter Nam'
Das Feld behält.

That is: "Against riches and worldly ways a good name holds the field."

Lord Clanricarde is perhaps a little too hasty in assuming that Martin Luther must have "pirated" from Dante's "Purgatorio" the phrase, which I find is contained in canto xi., verse 94. Luther knew, of course, Latin; but it cannot be said that he had studied Italian. So far as I am aware, *tenere campum* does not occur in classic Latin. On the other hand, it is well known that, during the German sway in parts of Italy in the Middle Ages, many words and locutions of Teutonic origin were received into the Italian language. Dante himself belonged to the Ghibelline or German Imperial party. German warriors, literally translating into Italian a phrase current in their own tongue, may easily have introduced the expression *"tenere il campo,"* even as Englishmen conversant with French have introduced the rather unnecessary phrase, "That goes without saying," instead of "That is self-understood," and various other Gallicisms. But, be that as it may, Luther has certainly not pirated anything from Dante. The great reformer and master of style was so absolutely devoted to the purity of his native speech that he declared, even in somewhat strongly quaint lingo, that a good writer, in order to make a true impression, "must always look upon the mouth of the common people (dem gemeinen Mann auf's Maul sehen)."

At one of the last meetings of the Physiological Society of Berlin, the president, M. Helgarth, called the attention of the members to an analysis of different kinds of American soil which he had made. The analysis proved, he remarked, that the dryer a region was the richer the soil was in mineral elements favourable to the nutrition of plants. This will be easily understood, for these elements are not likely to be carried away by rain-storms, as they would be were they situated in rainy regions. As Professor Flinders Petrie has shown, civilization made its first appearance in dry and sun-baked regions, such as Egypt: the reason why the civilized races of antiquity chose dry countries for their homes was that it was only necessary to irrigate the soil sufficiently to obtain crops. The soil of damp countries is often removed by rains, and has to be renewed, either by fallow ground or by manure.

They may out-race, and out-hunt, and out-shoot us, but we can never allow that the French, as a nation, have the sporting instinct until they alter their way of handling prisoners. The husband of the unfortunate Mdme. Dailly is said to have confessed to her murder, induced by an insidious police-officer, who confided to him that if his (the officer's) wife had a lover he would not hesitate to kill her. "You think the Court would take my provocation into account?" "Undoubtedly." And then M. Dailly confessed to his sympathetic friend.

It is very mean, of course, and altogether unsportsmanlike, but the other side of the medal is that the officer's assurance is probably true. If Dailly can prove that his wife was unfaithful—or perhaps merely declaim that he thought so—that relic of primitive modes of thought—a French jury—will likely enough weep, so to speak, on his shoulder. The injured husband is still an object of ridicule, and not of indignant sympathy, on the French stage, as he was on the English two hundred years ago; but put him red-handed in the dock, and he becomes a hero. And yet it is a logical nation.

We are, of course, prevented from publishing any criticising words before Monday in connection with the production of "Utopia (Limited)," the new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert, to be produced to-night at the Savoy. Speaking in terms of general prediction, however, a musical correspondent, who was present at the dress rehearsal, writes: "I am inclined to think that, from a musical point of view, the new opera will be found superior to anything in comic opera that Sullivan has yet achieved. Nor do I say this without complete recollection of that pleasant series which has gone before. For pervasive humour, as for sweet melodiousness, I confidently prophesy a welcome to this opera such as has not been accorded even to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera before. The composers have done well, and very well—even though it was of necessity—to pause for three years."

Just as *Durand et Durand*, in its English dress, has made its bow to the English footlights, we learn that its author, M. Albin Valabrègue, most notable of *boulevardiers*, has renounced the error of his ways and become a good Christian. Of the exact character of the "revelation of Christian mysteries" which he has received we are still in ignorance, but we are to learn from his forthcoming pamphlet, which he will sign "The Jew, Valabrègue." His conversion was dramatically announced to the world by his refusal to correct the proofs of an interview with himself *qua* playwright. The oddness of the fact is all the greater since M. Valabrègue's farces are peculiarly Parisian and broad.

It must often be very trying for Anglo-Indian officers to read, after a lapse of a few years, the memoranda and minutes which they are so fond of penning. Sir Henry Norman, who may be described as having been very nearly Governor-General of India, must, for instance, feel very sorry that he wrote so much on the Afghan question, which is at this moment engaging so much attention. Only thirteen years ago Sir Henry Norman, then member of the Council of India, expressed his views first in a note for the information of Lord Hartington, and afterwards in a minute. His forecasts in these documents have been most singularly falsified by events. He derided the apprehension that Russia was likely to subjugate or influence Afghanistan, seeing the danger, difficulty, and slowness of the advance of a Russian army. At the present moment the Russian frontier is but little over one hundred miles from Herat.

A railway has been constructed to Samarcand, and a branch line could be rapidly laid down towards Pendjeh; the Turcomans have been absorbed and are being rapidly assimilated, while a portion of the Pamir is already occupied by Russian troops. Judging by the past thirteen years, it is reasonable to anticipate that in the forthcoming thirteen years Russia's means of aggression will have become seriously formidable. Sir Henry Norman advocated the abandonment of Quetta—moreover, he condemned it as unhealthy. It is no longer so. The railway which in 1880 was in process of construction towards Pishir, parts of it he thought would be swept away by floods, and it might not be thought worth while to execute repairs. Parts have been swept away by floods, but the damage has been repaired. Altogether Sir Henry Norman has, notwithstanding his ability, shown himself wanting in foresight and imagination. Nor is he alone, for a certain noble statesman must feel rather ashamed of the *bon mot* he made when he stigmatized those who feared the eventual seizure of Merv by the Russians as being afflicted with Mervousness!

HARO!

We may use this familiar cry for justice as a title without dwelling upon it. Everybody knows more or less about the very interesting survival of Norman usages which still has force of custom in the Channel Islands, if any one choose to call upon it, and had in Normandy until the Revolution. Rather curious is it that we find no trace of such a practice in Scandinavia itself, where the regular and elaborate forms of justice in Rolf's time, before feudalism was established, would certainly not have sanctioned any clamorous appeal to the king. But this particular instance has been treated too often. Doubtless some special cause for some striking remedy to arrest attention, was practised in all countries at a certain stage of progress, when laws were weak and magistrates corrupt. In such countries they are still used, and in some others, as in British India, they have outlived the necessity. Even at Rome we catch a glimpse of something of the sort in a casual remark of Suetonius, which tells how Augustus abolished the ancient right of an "accuser" to stop the procession of knights on its way to the Capitol and make a wrongdoer dismount "in the open street." Every subject could demand justice of the kings of Egypt and Persia, in theory at least, but we do not remember any special form used. Strabo tells a very odd one, however. The King of Sabæa in Arabia was not allowed to quit his palace under any circumstances. Thus he could not assure himself that justice was properly administered. But a chain hung from the topmost window of the building, and any person who thought himself wronged gave it a pull from below; the king sent for him presently and heard his grievance. Another eccentricity in this line was practised at Constantinople until the end of the last century. A victim of oppression fixed a torch or a brazier of live coals upon his head, and, thus equipped, awaited the arrival of the Padishah in his procession to the mosque. The crowd and the soldiers gave way to him, for only those who staked their lives upon the issue adopted this method as a last resort. It condemned the monarch's soul to burn like the coals unless he did justice, and such a threat is the direst treason. All through the Barbary States, in Morocco probably to this day, guards and barriers yielded to the cry, Shar Allah—"Justice in the name of God," and the Pasha or Bey might not quit the judgment seat until he had either satisfied the claimant or convinced him that his grievance was imaginary. So we are assured by the Rev. Michael Russell, but it may be suspected that this was rather the theory than the practice. Bruce tells us that he could not sleep in Tigre for daily and nightly clamour of the throngs who cried for justice outside the king's palace. Afterwards, however, he discovered a droll reason for the multitude of them. "A set of vagrants is provided, maintained, and paid whose sole business it is to cry and lament, as if they had been very much injured and oppressed. And this, they tell you, is for the king's honour, that he may not be lonely by the palace being too quiet."

We are reminded of the Karen usage. When a warrior of this interesting people finds himself unable to take vengeance personally, he breaks an addled egg in a vessel of pig-wash, and extinguishes a blazing brand in the mixture, crying, "May my enemy expire like this brand, childless as this addled egg, and may his soul dwell in this filth!" Madame Serena tells another oddity. Opposite the Shah's palace at Teheran stands a huge cannon taken from the Portuguese in 1622. If any malefactor can reach it and sit astride crying "Best," he is safe. His friends may bring him food, and Madame Serena herself saw a criminal munching, perched upon the gun. Of late years the Shah has claimed a right to ignore this antique liberty, but he himself must sign the order for arrest. We are wandering from our special theme, however.

The cry for justice is so familiar to Anglo-Indians that Colonel Yule includes it among the adopted phrases analyzed in his "Hobson-Jobsoniana." It has become an absurd nuisance in our days. Assured of the right to say what he pleases just as loud as he likes, the native who thinks himself wronged of two annas will squat down and bawl "Dohai, Khudawand ki" ("Justice, my lord") until he compels attention. Such abuses of an ancient and sanctified privilege are not allowed in the native States. "I have heard a serious complaint made against a person that he called the Dohai needlessly—that is, for insufficient cause," says Major-General R. H. Keatinge, V.C. But the efficiency of the custom is wearing out very fast. The common sense of a policeman tells him that he is justified in making the Dohai screamer "move on" where regular courts of justice are always open and the poorest is assured of a hearing. Perhaps the earliest mention of this special cry is found in Ibn Batuta, though Marco Polo speaks of the same practice under another form. The Arab traveller says that when a person favoured by the Sultan (at Delhi) refuses to pay a debt, his creditor lies in wait at the entrance of the Palace, and on the appearance of the unjust man cries "*Darohai ea Sultan!*" "Then the debtor cannot stir from that spot till he has paid or come to terms." It is clear that Ibn Batuta did not understand exactly the meaning of the words used. He translates, or rather amplifies, them, "Oh, Enemy of the Sultan, I swear by the head of the king thou shalt not enter till thou hast paid me what thou owest." But Darohai is still the Mahratta form, scarcely altered, of the Sanscrit Droha—wrong, injury. Thus the cry is actually identical with that of the Channel Islanders, "On me fait tort," with Padishah or Bahadur, or some such personage, substituted for Rou. Marco Polo's allusion to the same practice does not cite the words. In Malabar, says he, a creditor will sometimes draw a circle round his debtor which it is death to cross till he has paid or given security. "And Messire Marco himself once saw the king on horseback thus encircled by a merchant, whom he had long delayed and put off; neither would the king go out of the circle which the merchant had drawn till he had satisfied him, the people applauding the king's justice." A more emphatic appeal for justice is made by threatening to commit suicide, "Dharna," at the door of the "oppressor," who nowadays may have done nothing more awful than dismissing a servant or a workman. Few who reside long in India escape alarms of this sort. For now and again, not infrequently, some poor fellow works himself into such excitement that he actually fulfils his threat—this is the "Traga." In any case he will hold out for a length of time which makes the European anxious, neither eating nor drinking. Often enough also it is not one man, but a family, perhaps the whole gang of workmen employed, all the inhabitants of a village, or all the members of a trade guild, who camp and starve and shout for justice at the magistrate's or the employer's door. Bishop Heber tells in his journal how all the inhabitants of Benares, numbering 300,000, performed Dharna outside their walls when a new and oppressive tax was levied. They sat for a week without changing place or attitude, "their heads drooping like sheep," writes the Bishop; then the Nawab gave way in terror. There is nowadays but a faint survival of the antique system, though as has been said, deaths still occur sometimes. During the centuries of Moslem oppression multitudes of Hindoos perished voluntarily when justice was refused them. We read that the whole population of a town in the Punjaub stabbed their children and then themselves before the house of an Afghan noble who had carried off a young girl. The number is given at 30,000 souls, from which three noughts may be confidently struck off. This was in Aurungzebe's reign, and he, horrified, took dire vengeance on the culprit. Threatening to commit suicide is the recognized cry for justice in China, and it must not be disregarded when seriously raised. But Chinamen, unlike Hindoos, sometimes make a farce of it. Mr. Giles describes a funny scene outside the English Consulate in one of the Treaty ports. "A woman marched into a pond opposite the windows, and stood there knee-deep, alternately dipping her head and raising it, screaming the while that she would drown herself unless the foreign devils were expelled.

"A Conflict of Evidence." By Rodrigues Ottolengui. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) An author with this magnificent name may not, with impunity, produce anything commonplace. One cannot help expecting from his pen a work at least equal to the "Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha." For his own sake, therefore, we recommend the Señor to assume a more modest name for the present, and to stick to it as long as he continues to write American. His plot is ingenious, certainly. He is clever enough to keep the reader's attention while two rival detectives unravel 347 pages of tangled evidence. But his style rises nowhere above the level of a police report, so that his book can hardly rank as literature.

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HELPS TO HEALTHY LIVING.

By Iatros.

With coals at double their usual price and the winter fast approaching, economy in heating our houses is a thing to be desired. Should coal strikes become more frequent this economy will not only be desirable but necessary. The open grate will have to go, and with it half the meaning that is contained in our word "home"—a word purely English, idiosyncratic of our race. The greater pity, for, much as the open fireplace has been denounced as wasteful, as unhealthy, as insular, there is, apart from sentiment, much in it from a hygienic standpoint to recommend it. While the fire burns brightly one is sure that ventilation is efficient. No sense of suffocation is felt in the presence of the redhot glow which breathes ever comfort and content around. And is not this feeling of well-being, this serenity of mind worth preserving? What compensatory advantage has the closed stove—the *poêle Chouberský*, for instance—whose noisome reek and sickening heat reduce one to pessimism of that sort which composedly contemplates suicide, and, the means being at hand in the stove itself, not only contemplates but enacts it? While the art of ventilation remains in its present uncertain and costly state it will be difficult to replace the open grate by a more economical heater which at the same time fulfils the hygienic ends which were served by our old manner of firing. True, draughts are created, but this is sensible proof of ventilation. A little ingenuity can circumvent a draught, but all the skill of sanitary engineers is needed to free of foul air a room which has no up-east ventilating shaft in the shape of a chimney.

Speaking of the English, Wordsworth wrote, "We must be free or die." Had the singer been a little more of the "nature poet" he might have said of the English that they must breathe pure air or die. The restless energy of the Briton calls incessantly for more oxygen. The hibernating Esquimaux pass the winter under hygienic conditions which to the Englishman seem impossible. In their super-heated ice burrows inhabited all round fifty centigrades, the Hyperboreans seem to get along fairly well. In Russia, too, the absence of fresh air in the hot and stuffy rooms does not trouble the inhabitants. Frenchmen, the world over, are known for their dislike for pure air. It is the Englishman alone who sleeps with his bedroom window wide open. He must have air or die. It is the unconscious craving for oxygen that binds him to his glowing hearth, that sends him in shoals to the fields on Sundays, or to sniff the sea breeze at Margate. Here in the heart of this great city, where ozone is scarce or absent, he withers and dies, his great energy burning itself out fuliginously, as a lamp deprived of air. Other peoples, of course, suffer in like manner from the absence of fresh air, but the Englishman most of all. The metabolism, or tissue change of the organism, is so great that oxygen is imperatively demanded; a deficient supply means to him suffering, and often that peculiarly English disease, the gout.

Chill October, mother of manifold maladies which have human ignorance for their sire! How many has the first cold breath of this month struck down for ignorantly disregarding the merest dictates of prudence! Woollen underclothing is a necessity in this weather, and the overcoat should be carried on the principle of the man who always carried an umbrella. With the sun shining brightly at midday, an overcoat seems a superfluity, but the marrow-piercing cold lurks in the shade, in the current of air flowing through the courts and alleys of the city, and there is danger in loitering in the streets. It is better, therefore, to suffer some slight discomfort in being too warm than to run the risk of chill from too little clothing. Still it must be pointed out there is danger also in becoming too warm, not of course in the warmth itself, but in the liability to chill that is induced by warmth. But as this can be avoided it is one's own fault if one becomes ill through that cause.

A little acquaintance with the physiology of animal heat will show us what we must do. The temperature of the body, as has already been stated, remains at the same point always, and as the bodily temperature is always above that of the surrounding air in winter, there is a continual loss of heat, and the greater part of this loss is by radiation and conduction from the skin. Now, if there were no mechanism to regulate this loss from the skin in cold weather, the chilling would be so rapid that the body would speedily become cold and death would ensue. Now it is the cutaneous bloodvessels which are chiefly concerned in maintaining the heat equilibrium. Cold has the effect of causing their contraction, and thus the amount of blood carried to the surface of the body is diminished, and with this diminution there is less heat brought by connection with the blood to the skin, and therefore radiation and conduction from the skin are minimized. Heat has exactly the opposite effect; the blood-vessels relax, more heat is brought to the surface, and conduction and radiation are increased. It must not be supposed, however, that less heat is generated in winter than in summer; the contrary is the case. Now, what happens when one who is heated by exercise or the weather exposes himself to cold? There is at once a great diminution of heat from the body, for the blood-vessels being relaxed yield quickly their heat by conduction and radiation to the surrounding air, and, though the cold will ultimately cause them to contract, the loss of heat may be so great that chilling of the whole body may take place.

Have we any signs by which we can know immediately whether we have "taken" or "caught" a chill? This question is an important one. Often we know when it is too late how we caught cold, but had we our wits about us at the time we should have known we were catching cold. When the body reacts readily to changes in temperature, that is to say, when we feel that the cold, for example, has an exhilarating effect on us (*i.e.*, causes the production of more heat), we know we are safe. If, on the other hand, it depresses, there is danger, for the production of heat is not stimulated. If the delayed reaction will overstep the limits of health, and a cold, it not worse, will be the result. If, then, we are exposed to cold, and find in spite of muscular exertion there is a feeling of chilliness, we had better seek to bring about reaction at once. Many people continue their business or pleasure in the face of such warnings, thinking to "shake it off." The thing can be shaken off if steps be taken in time. It is the prolonged chill with tardy reaction that does the harm; and most people are sensible at the time of their discomfort, only they are not sensible enough to take proper measures for their relief. A hot bath, followed by a cold douche and a brisk rubbing with a rough towel, will, if not too long delayed, suffice to counteract the bad effects of a slight chill.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Corbet, R. St. J. *From the Bull's Point of View: the True Story of a Bull Fight.* (Leadenhall Press.) 8vo, paper covers. Pp. 63. Price 1s.
Some notes on the pictures in Madrid, on the capital itself, and on two Spanish towns are appended to the "True Story" for the use of English travellers and connoisseurs.

Dahle, T. Theodore. *The Notions of a Nobody.* (Leadenhall Press.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 162.
A collection of short papers on editors, marriage, beer, spirits, pantomime, the modern M.P., &c., &c.

Frapan, Lisi. *God's Will, and other Stories.* (Fisher Unwin.) 6¼ in. by 4½ in. Paper covers. Pp. 214. Price 1s. 6d.
Six short stories, translated by Miss Helen A. Macdonell.

Furneaux, William S. *Philips's Anatomical Model.* (George Philip and Son.) 4to. Coloured plates and text. Price 1s.
Superimposed plates, forming "a pictorial representation of the human frame and its organs," with descriptive text. "Ingenious and helpful to young pupils.

Gasquet, Frances Aidan. *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.* Parts xvii. and xviii. (John Hodges.) Paper covers. Pp. 353-448. New Edition, with Illustrations.

Hatton, Joseph. *In Jest and Earnest.* (Leadenhall Press.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. xiv., 202.
"A book of gossip," dedicated to Mr. J. L. Toole.

Westcott, Rev. Arthur, M.A., and the Rev. John Watt, D.D. (Compilers). *Concise Bible Dictionary: a Supplement to Book by Book.* (Isbister and Co.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. 176. Price 2s. 6d.
Gives brief definitions in connection with the names, places, natural history, and miscellaneous subjects mentioned in Scripture.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—A correspondent in the *Pall Mall* of the 22nd inst., under a different heading, contributes a letter wherein he refers to a former communication. I recollect it, and also that on the 8th ult. you permitted to appear some remarks of my own, attempting to place in front of his subject of "thorough cultivation" the necessity for a change in the terms upon which the business of agriculture at large is compulsorily carried on in this country. I alluded then, and do again, to certain conditions imposed by the State, which are so prejudicial in effect that there is left remaining but little of the security for investment, or spirit of industry, essential to successful farming. All will agree in thinking it of the highest national importance to have the soil treated in such a manner that its wealth-yielding capacity be always fully developed. Ought not disinterested public opinion to be equally unanimous in considering it necessary to remove all obstacles standing in the way of our attaining that object? I think in the affirmative, and therefore ask that the policy of absolutely free imports may be impartially inquired into. Your correspondent seems to imagine that land culture may be so far improved as to render foreign supplies of food uncalled for. With so wide an opinion my own does not coincide—we do not care that it should do so, because it is sufficient for the nation in its own general interests, regardless of what might be to the immediate benefit of one class or another, to first take steps in rescuing the industry of "home production" from the destruction now threatening. I refer, of course, to the steady everyday work of cultivation which furnishes both a means of living for labouring families and sure returns for capital—not exceptional cases where one kind of success is obtained by men to whom profit for subsistence is of no consequence. The letter records an instance of a once six-family-supporting and heavy-crop-producing farm now employing two labourers, and growing only poor grass; but why deplore the altered circumstances and make no protest against the, at least, most probable cause? It is exactly what must happen, under the present absolute freedom from duties enjoyed by our importing capitalists, and indeed the very thing believers in a so-called economic law say we ought to submit to rather than raise a voice against such a provision for the wants of a nation teeming with population. Writers in the press, like speakers on platforms, glide over the subject of foreign competition, as though it had no connection with our difficulties, like a skater over thin ice, fearing to dwell upon it, although it is thereabouts in the whole programme of agricultural reform that thought should concentrate itself ready for action. Fear of this question arises from a popular belief that there must be either an entire absence of taxation, or otherwise the evil of protection let in. I venture to differ from such view, and think it possible to so discriminate in matters, that a system of import duties could be established altogether excluding that objectionable element. A tax on foreign produce merely for purposes of revenue, in somewhat relative proportion to the weight of public burdens it is granted our home industry should be relieved of, would be widely different in principle and effect from duties arranged for conferring protection. It does not appear in history of the time that even the early promoters of free foreign trade were so unpatriotic as to consider that the "home interest" should be called upon to hold its own without any regulating influences whatever. What existed fifty years ago was that the natural cost of producing foreign corn in our ports was high enough in itself to allow of an adequately remunerative home competition, and that adding to that artificially by taxes was in effect to prohibit, and give the land-owning class a monopoly inimical to the country's general welfare. The law abolished by Sir Robert Peel in 1846 was really, then, under the circumstances, one of prohibition, and the one enacted in its stead one admitting of necessary competition. Through the discoveries in practical science during the years since elapsed, by way of steamships, railways, telegraphs, &c., there is rapidly being created another monopoly. This time it is in favour of the importing capitalist, but like the former—although in a different manner—it is injurious to the people at large, especially the labour section. I do not argue that a partial reversal of this state of matters would alone bring prosperity to agriculture—we know to the contrary—but without this just exaction of some of its indispensable revenue from the winning side, the nation must not expect the interest to right itself by making other changes. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* you publish a letter from another gentleman advocating small freeholds, with which in principle I agree, provided it means holdings of from 200 to 300 acres, but the present system of taxation will not admit of a return to occupations of such unquestionable advantage to the community. Mr. C. S. Read has told me that in his county, Norfolk, where he farms both as a tenant and yeoman, his difficulties in the latter capacity are by far the greatest. Further proof may behad in the fact that nowhere is there shown a desire, under present conditions, to acquire possession of farms as owners, and that in Essex, close upon the largest produce market in the world, some land will not realize, in rent, more than sufficient to cover rates, taxes, and tithe. Thanking you in anticipation for insertion.—I am, yours obediently,

Rhondda Lodge, Ipswich. Thomas Mellonie.

THE SULTAN AND THE ARMENIANS.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—This morning's papers publish a Reuter telegram from Constantinople, dated September 28, stating that "the questions recently put in the House of Commons on the subject of Armenia, and the Ministerial replies thereto, as well as articles in the English papers, have caused the Sultan extreme concern, and that his Majesty has ordered the Porte to send to Rustem Pasha, his Ambassador in London, all the papers connected with the Angora affair, &c."

Allow me to inform your readers that the press in Constantinople, and more especially the European papers, was compelled by the Porte to publish during several months about sixty columns of the trial of the Armenians at Angora who were condemned to death. The absurdity of that trial lies in the fact that the poor Armenians, condemned by the mock court of Angora, were not allowed to be defended except by lawyers who were subjects of the Sultan, and whose names were previously submitted to and approved by the Minister of Justice, who receives his instructions direct from the Sultan. Thus a lawyer who was not a Turkish subject would not have been allowed to defend the Armenians; and any one subject to the Porte would never dare to do anything which might hurt the feelings of his Sovereign, lest he might expose himself to ruin for life. The long reports connected with the Angora trial which the Sultan is sending to London are therefore fabricated documents, and should never be relied upon in any civilized country. When the Sultan arrested Midhat Pasha, and had him tried in the Palace of Yildiz Kiosk, he asked that the foreign ambassadors at Pera should send a representative to watch the trial; but they all declined because Midhat Pasha was not allowed to be defended except by a lawyer who was subject to the Porte, and who, therefore, could not have liberty of speech.

May I here call the attention of her Majesty's Government to a matter which deserves attention? The Constantinople papers just received mentioned that Hussny Effendi, the President of the Tribunal of Angora who condemned the Armenians, as well as Arif Bey, the Solicitor-General there, have just been presented to the rank of "dignitaries of the first class." I enclose you the cutting from the Constantinople papers for your private satisfaction.

Here is also another question which deserves the serious attention of Lord Rosebery. Christo and Merdjan, who murdered Dr. Volcovite, the Agent of Bulgaria at Constantinople, were condemned by the tribunal at Pera to death, as the ambassadors there were following the trial with much interest. More than a year has passed since that sentence was pronounced against those two assassins, but until now the Sultan has declined to have it executed. Such an act requires no commenting on, but doubtless it merits the serious attention of the Foreign Office.—I enclose my card, and remain your obedient servant

London. Oct. 2. One Who is Not an Armenian.

THE LOVER'S LEXICON.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

(*Continued.*)

HEART, THE.—— Physiologists not a few ridicule belief in the heart as the seat of the affections. Some people, they maliciously remind us, are equally sure that love is an affair of the midriff; an opinion which the sensations of rejected lovers may, indeed, be held to countenance. It is in the midriff that these unfortunates seem to suffer most—with a billowy uneasiness, as it were. But how does that bear on the general question? If, as seems highly probable, the theory of the seat of love originated in a country where the females outnumbered the males, and were at the same time remarkable for their severity, it is quite accounted for by local circumstances. Other nations have never doubted that the seat of love is the liver; and so familiar is this idea among them that their word for liver has taken a romantic cast, and is freely admitted into their lyrical compositions. They sing, "My true love's liver is mine, and mine is his," for example. But here again we are not without explanation of the error. If the torments of rejection sensibly vibrate on the diaphragm or midriff, jealousy as surely tells upon the biliary organ. Every robust lover who has gone through a sudden bout of jealousy will acknowledge this; and it is a singular merit in that noble actor, Signor Salvini, that while he throws heart into his earlier scenes as Othello, a subtle substitution of liver begins from about the middle of the third act. Evidently, it is but natural that a violently jealous people should place the seat of love where the higher races are more often disturbed by *entrées* and east winds.

For the rest, it is plain that chargin is not love, neither are the pangs of jealousy; and it is *chagrin* that shakes the midriff, the fury of jealousy that assails the liver. But with both the fury and the humiliation there still remains some love; and were it not that scientific men are incapable of the tender passion (a suppressed fact which the delicacy of their wives enables them to conceal), there would be no need to tell physiologists where the remnant of an abased or a scorned affection is felt. It is felt in the heart, where it was consciously born. The chagrin in the midriff, the fury in the liver if you please; but the love in the heart: where both the rejected and the jealous lover find it only too surely between one paroxysm of those other organs and another.

Were there a little rose-coloured realm of matter in the brain, as there is a much-revered patch of grey matter, and if, moreover, this rosy patch lay near the breeding-place of fancy, it might be supposed that love had at least a consulting-room in the head. But no such thing has been discovered; and it is too much to ask sage or lover to believe that love is either born or nursed in the brain. Persuade an alderman that he is hungry, not where he fancies, but in the hindermost part of his skull, and, then, perhaps, his daughters may be made to doubt that their bosoms are love's domicile. But this is allowing too much. It would take a miracle to bring the dominion of the heart into uncertainty. By the witness of a thousand sensations, it is there that love is born; there is its cradle, school, house, and citadel; and no one who has ever been bereaved can doubt that there it makes its grave.

HONEYMOON.—— The connection between moonlight and love is thoroughly well established. It was an early discovery of the ancients, without being much to their credit; because from the dawn of Sensibility to the present hour it has been the several and individual discovery of every man and maid caught up by the tender passion, supposing them to have tidal souls of their own. "Tidal" souls, be it observed. The word has a cogent meaning here, and one which Shakespeare had in mind (though he could not bring it into his verse conveniently) when he wrote—

> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact.

The poet, the lover, and the lunatic or moon-moved one are put together as equally made up of imagination, but there is one great difference between them. It is the wits of the lunatic, his intellects, that are tidal; and when, under the influence of the disturbing planet, they are drawn from their base, he dilates into madness. With the poet and the lover it is the diviner part that lifts in moonlight to its native skies—filling to pain with dreams, yearnings, inspirations which the lover has no word for at all, and the poet but a small assortment; as he presently finds, poor man! This may be said without denying that genius is to madness near allied, or that Shakespeare meant to put the lover where he placed the poet (and where, indeed, we know he has always resided), next door to lunacy on the heavenly side.

It does not appear, however, that these observations in the pathognomy of love have anything to do with "honeymoon." Nothing can be more natural than associating that passion in its hour of fulfilment with the red round orb of a summer night; but the original connection is doubted. To be sure, it was an old custom of the northern nations to marry at the full of the moon, and it is to the purpose that we hear of honey-drinks given to the bride and bridegroom at wedding-eve and wedding-morn. But "honey-moon" is "honey-month," the sweet month after marriage. Not that it was always customary to make a month's holiday of it, stealing away for a moon's space into seclusion. It was honey-mouth to newwed squire and dame, though they stayed at home and saw company three days after marriage; to the farmer, though he never lost sight of his fields for an hour of daylight; just as it is to thousands of humble folk who take the daily round of care before the parson who married them is well out of bed again.

But whether the custom be new or old, the "going away" is the crowning delight; and the high, princely ones who can never contrive it in any right manner (not that "going away" could have much meaning for them, however managed), and the work-a-day people who cannot contrive it at all, are to be pitied from the heart. For half the girls in the world, years of dreaming are accomplished in a glorious wedding: veils, wreaths, bridesmaids, bouquets, horses prancing, sunshine dancing, and coachmen all a posy. An innocent triumph, by no means to be depreciated; but after that should come the honeymoon romance, in at least twenty chapters of nights and days. What does the scoffer know about it, or they whose souls are no more tidal than the waters to which Mrs. Bond's ducks repaired? The Romeo and Juliet scenes are beautiful because they are true, and admirable because the fitting words are given to what millions of Romeos and Juliets have felt without being able to express, or daring enough to think worthy of celebration. And the Romeos and Juliets are in number and generation without end. Taking all the various State departments together, without excluding the Customs and the Post Office, there must be hundreds and hundreds of Romeos in her Majesty's service alone at this moment; while in thousands of homes, gentle and simple, Juliets are coming up like so many flowers. No kind heart can think it well that any one of these should settle down without a honeymoon in some sweet sequestered place; and luckily for certain of the gentlemen in the Post Office and the Customs, a fortnight in house and garden of some old country inn may be as a couple of weeks in paradise.

So good an end and a beginning is the "going away," that it is a sorrow to know of the loss of it by any nice young man and woman. Loss?—it is a pathetic loss; and considering the multitude of benevolent associations, from the Non-Conversion of the Jews Society up to the Decayed Dictionary-Maker's Pension Fund, it is a wonder that no one has imitated the enlightened tenderness of the late Miss B——. Dying unmarried herself at an advanced age, and having no relative but a nephew comfortably settled in the bacon trade, she directed that her fortune of £60,000 should be employed in the following manner: To be kept at interest; and the interest to be used in supplying half a honeymoon in country idleness to so many poor young couples whose united ages amounted to fifty-three years or no more, and three-quarters of a honeymoon, or three lunar weeks, to others whose youth yielded together forty-seven years or less. The only conditions were that the parties should be worthy though lowly, industrious though poor, of a distinctly imaginative turn, and healthy and fond.

HUSBAND.—— How this word may sound in the female ear, or what sensations vibrate in the female mind when the word whispers through it, is unknown to men. It may be suspected, however, that there is not so very much magic in the word, and that "husband" passes for more than it is worth in genuine emotional meaning. There is expression in it, a good deal of expression; but whether it has gathered in course of time and use as much significance as "wife," or even as "hearth," is doubtful. The truth appears to be that the word was hampered from the beginning with unfortunate associations and assonances. Husband; house-bond; bondsman; servitude; domestic servitude: there is a clustering of associated meanings here which is unfavourable to romance and quite below the range of loftiness. It is all very well to say that husband as housebond, or stay, support, and girdle of defence for house and home, is a really noble appellation. No doubt it is when we think of it. But it is a common experience of the human mind that what we most deliberately think will not always abide in our thought; and do what we may, the idea of housiness and housebondage will still cling about the word "husband." Nor is it quite without significance that "housewife" was allowed by general consent on the female side to degenerate into "hussy." It is further to be observed that "housewife" was thought, by generations of women who might have been expected to hold the name in highest reverence, not too good for bestowal on a case for pins and needles. The philosophic must needs reflect on these things.

There can be no question, however, that "husband" ranks high in the vocabulary of love and home. All that is suggested is that it would rank higher but for its unfortunate connections. As it is, its clearest signification to young unmarried women is that it reflects dignity on the woman married; while to the fortunates in that condition, its greatest bulk of meaning is expressive of home comforts and sanctities, fenced in with a trustworthy affection. And a fine bulk of meaning it is; and by the tone in which the word "husband" is generally uttered we may see that it is not only a word of trust but of endearment; and yet—and yet another seems to be needed that shall have the tenderness of "wife." For the man who is hero and prophet and lover to the woman he belongs to, "housebond" is too poor a word and goes too near the ground; while as to "wife" if an angel came to sit at a man's hearth she could wish in reason for no other name. Or must we regard it as an involuntary tribute to the female sex—which is generally believed to supply the greater number of heaven's own angels—that neither "father" nor "husband" carries such a burden of sweet and noble meanings as "wife" and "mother"?

In a world which, upon the whole, is peaceful and content, domestically, there are many different kinds of husbands and yet only two or three ideals at most. How, then, is the general peace to be explained? The secret of it probably is that well-conditioned people learn without repining that the romance of love must be taken as romance, however vivid it may be. Though it is seldom continued into wedlock, what of that, say the well-conditioned to themselves, since the companionship of marriage has its own happiness, apart from the romance that preluded it? To find the romance and the reality different states of being is nothing to mourn over, if the dreams of the one are followed in the other by a lasting endearing interchange of homely service and dutiful affection.

IDEALS.—— It would probably tend to a better understanding between them if the sexes could come to a frank explanation of each other's ideals. Women hold congresses now-a-days; and it is time, perhaps, to employ this machinery in threshing out a subject of far more importance to them than the suffrage. A few hundred delegates carefully chosen, a few sub-committees sitting in secret, a clear, bold, outspoken report from each committee, and Man would profit by an authoritative exposition of Woman's Ideals of Man. It is probable that there would be some surprises, it is likely that there would be some pain; and there is a certainty that while a considerable portion of the male inhabitants of Britain would be cast down by the reports, a few would swell to an intolerable degree of arrogance. But with an excellent system of police and habitual obedience to its officials, there should be little fear of exasperation in the country on that account; and it cannot be doubted that the general result would be highly beneficial.

This would soon appear in many ways. Both consciously and unconsciously, there would be a striving to attain to the ideals proclaimed at the congress: and that would be improving to the nation at large. Bone and sinew would be encouraged, a fillip would be given to independence and daring, a gallant carriage and pleasant speech would become every man's ambition, and the pretensions of mere intellect would be brought within bounds. Not that the tyranny of one sole ideal need be feared, as we should find from the reports. For, naturally, the sub-committees of the Woman's Ideals Declaration Congress would be drawn from ladies of different periods of life, and of at least three classes. The first would be taken from girls unmarried, its members ranging between sixteen and nineteen years old; the second from the young married—twenty to twenty-five; and the third from the experienced married: which last committee would be advantageously composed of women of forty. Thus we should have the romance-ideal which every generation of budding girls keeps fresh, and another and another more or less modified from the first; and very probable it should be to study and compare them.

We should probably learn, among other things, that while young girls commonly set up an ideal Prince Charming in their bosoms, that is not the way with the lads. Under their affections settle on some pretty maid in actual flesh and blood, they contentedly leave their ideals in a nebulous state. Till then, the fair, the distant, the unattainable creatures about them are only like other beautiful things in nature that stir their young minds to dreamy response: such as sunsets, moonrise on the waters, and so forth. They create no particular ideal, to weave romantic scenes and histories about her, though it is believed that most young damsels enchant their days by employments precisely similar. It is not that they are in love with this or that person, any more than the lad who goes wandering off into his solitudes without exactly knowing why. Their condition is to be absorbingly in love with love; as indeed they seem to be in much less marriageable times—the times of the first love. In the doll they are supplied with an eidolon, visible, tangible, about which fancies and infancy alone know what phantasies are cast, or what dramas invest it. Later, no doll would serve: an ideal palpable to the mind's eye has to be created, to live and reign in the maiden's breast.

Doubtless, it is not all a work of fancy. The beautiful young men who sit in these shrines—now in the garb of a soldier, now of an angelical ecclesiastic, now of an athlete in cricketing cap and spotless flannel trousers—are partly drawn from books, partly from own-imagination, but partly also from shy appropriations of the actual in the person of some godlike apparition, dimly seen from time to time through wavering glances. But though the appropriations from real life may be large, and in some points very precise and particular, the whole is still an ideal; and it is nearly always a worthy one. There may be mistakes in modelling—misconceptions. Features across which Nature herself has written "Splendid Brute" may be worshipped as the very mask of knightliness, or a head marked "Handsome Fool" be taken as Apollo's own. But the worship is for strength, courage, gallantry, generosity—manly will and manly grace and manly tenderness; and we should probably find on anatomising the female breast, at any age and however married, that the original ideal is still there. At forty, indeed, there is less insistance on beauty. About that time of life the several attributes of strength, grace, will, courage, gallantry, generosity, &c., are placed in a different order of merit; but none of these qualities can be spared from the woman's ideal of man at any moment of her life beyond seventeen. But power, power, power! this and all that contributes to it is the adorable thing in man; but especially command over other men, or over the brutes, or the more obvious forces of nature. Intellectual power of the abstract sort may be deeply respected, but neither inspires love nor secures it. Better the sword-play of Sergeant Troy than all the gifts of Bishop Berkeley and Sir Isaac Newton to boot.

In these parts of the earth the idealizing of the one sex by the other is inborn and inveterate. It may be absent in a few abortional minds; it may be destroyed here and there by harrowing experience: but in the nature of things to be a man is to idealize woman, and to be a woman is to idealize man. The love of infant girls turns to their fathers, as is seen every day; from their cradles boys look to their mothers most; and even when heavy disappointments have broken up the illusions cast about now one and now another heart's delight, the original fund of idealism remains unexhausted. And considering what we are in the general, it would be a sorry look out for human happiness but for this mutual idealizing of the sexes, which first exalting the natural attributes of each, magnifies them when they appear in the beloved individual and feigns them when they do not.

Is a real-life illustration of this blessed law needed? Then let us take one from the idealism of beauty, which no doubt is as strong in the one sex as in the other. In some dim light I catch sight of a face and say to myself, "What a splendidly beautiful woman!" I look again, and she seems more beautiful than before. Again, and now I see that it is the face of a good-looking boy; whereupon the beauty dwindles and is gone. Or a very plain woman comes into view. Gazing on her with a feeling heart, I wish the face a man's, and set about fancying what it would be like above a parson's gown. Instantly my feeling heart becomes more feeling still. *Now* I see her ugliness, poor thing!

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LITERARY NOTES.

Lovers of anniversaries, centenaries, and other "interesting" ceremonies will be delighted to know that this afternoon a rose-tree from Omar Khayyám's grave is to be planted on the tomb of Edward Fitzgerald at Boulge, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Dougthy and Colonel Kerrtich, who were Mr. Fitzgerald's executors, and have been good enough to give their assent to the project. It is comforting to reflect that perhaps one half of the people who will be present at the ceremony do not know why Fitzgerald should be thus honoured.

It seems that Mr. William Simpson, the well-known war artist was near Naishápúr, and, having read Fitzgerald's English version of Omar Khayyám, took it into his head to visit the tomb of that excellent poet. Omar, as some of our readers may remember, said to one of his pupils, "My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." M. Nicolas, in the preface to his French translation of the poet, said that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and Mr. Simpson actually found a rose tree growing over his grave, from which he carried off several seeds. These were taken to Kew and cultivated, and one of the growths has now been grafted on an English stem, and is to be put on Fitzgerald's grave. The average sentimentalist is delighted at the idea: because Omar was made known to English readers through Fitzgerald's brilliant perversion.

A pilgrimage to Boulge has been arranged, and Mr. Simpson is to deliver an address over Fitzgerald's grave. The usual poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse will also be recited. We fail to see where the necessity is for these rather ridiculous observances. Because one regards Fitzgerald's translation of Omar as one of the completest and most vigorous things in Victorian literature, it does not follow that he should go down into Suffolk with a group of middle-aged gentlemen and stand reverently in the midst of them while somebody reads a few stanzas from the comparatively immortal works of Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

We think that Omar was a poet of marvellous grasp and insight, with a sad tendency to diffuseness. We think that Fitzgerald's translation—it might be called a concentration—of his *Rubáiyat* is one of the finest poems in the language, a vast improvement on the original, and, indeed, a philosophical poem worthy to rank beside Lucretius's *De Rerum Naturâ*. But that does not excuse middle-aged gentlemen for taking an excursion into Suffolk and standing bare-headed in a churchyard on a damp autumn afternoon while somebody reads a poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Yesterday was the anniversary of Tennyson's death. It is pleasant to record that there was no such flagrant exhibition of bad taste and self-advertisement such as amazed the world when Browning had been dead a year. Tennyson was the greatest "lord of language" this age has seen. His death really closed the Victorian period. We have travelled far from the philosophy that ruled his youth, and find certain of his poems to be of a bourgeois tone of morality, didactic and tedious in their excess of prettiness. But that does not blind us to the fact that he was an incomparable master of verse—the greatest, in all probability, since Milton. We cannot forget his command of long, swinging metres, nor the brave onlook in life which compelled him to abandon the second-hand theories of his youth. When we think how great he was we are compelled to be thankful to this Government for one thing. None of the clamorous poetasters, who are now slurred with the refrain of popularity, have been appointed to be Laureate in his own room. No man lives who is worthy to succeed him, unless it be Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne cannot take his place, but if any one were made Laureate over his head the scandal to letters would be outrageous. That the Laureateship is now vacant is the best argument that can be offered by the "critics" who like to argue that Democracy has any taste in literature.

Mr. John S. Farmer, who, with Mr. W. E. Henley, is editing "Slang and its Analogues"—the third volume of which work is long in its coming—writes: "In the 'Dramatic Notes' of the 3rd inst., you ask when the word 'Bohemia' came into general use in England, to represent the Debatable Land. I should like to point out that 'Bohemian'—(N.E.D.) 'one who lives a free, vagabond, or irregular life,' was used by Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, published in 1848 (ch. xliv). This reference carries back the use a little nearer to the period of 'Sowing the Wind.' There is, I think, little doubt that the sense in question was introduced into English by Thackeray, and that Bohemian—the community of social Bohemians—is a derivative of 'Bohemia.'"

The *National Observer* once published an article entitled, "How to be a Journalist Like Some Are." The title roused many indignant comments from persons who could not tell satire when they saw it. Here is a textual quotation from one of the literary weeklies, whose name we will not mention out of respect to a journal which now and again contains sound criticism expressed quite grammatically: "John Oliver Hobbes's new novel, 'A Bundle of Life,' will be published *like her other works have been* in the Pseudonym Library."

The books of travel to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. during the autumn season include the following:—"Chinese Central Asia," by Dr. Henry Lansdell, in two volumes, with a list of fauna and a bibliography, illustrated with maps and nearly one hundred engravings after photographs, &c.; "Among the Moors," by Mr. G. Montbard, with many illustrations reproduced from the author's own sketches; "How I Shot My Bears; or, Two Years' Tent Life in Kullu and Lahul," by Mrs. R. H. Tyacke; "The Land of 'Poco Tiempo,'" the Great American Mystery—in plain words, New Mexico—by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, with illustrations from photographs and sketches; "Camp Fires of a Naturalist," the story of fourteen expeditions after North American mammals, from the field notes of Professor L. L. Dyche, of Kansas; "Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece," by Isabel J. Armstrong; "In Search of a Climate," by Mr. Charles G. Nottage, treating chiefly of the Sandwich Islands and Southern California; and "Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean," by Mr. Lee Meriwether, with twenty-four full-page illustrations.

Messrs. Bickers and Son are going to publish a volume of "Selections from the Philosophical and Poetical Works of Constance Naden." Miss Naden wrote charming and humorous light verse; but her philosophical works are enough to drive the average and even the intelligent reader out of his senses. We should like a complete edition of her poems.

Next week, Mr. Robert Black, whose excellent "History of the Jockey Club" is one of the most delightful works on horse-racing we know, will publish a book entitled "Horse Racing in England from the Earliest Times." Mr. Black's facts are always unimpeachable, and he is one of the few old-fashioned sportsmen we have left who can write on horse-racing with a certain suggestion of scholarship.

We are glad to see that Mr. Henry Powell's long-promised edition of Esquemelling's "Buccaneers of America" is to be published during the present season by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. This edition will include the scarce fourth part, which relates the adventures of Captain Bartholomew Sharp. It is a pity that Mr. Powell has determined to modernize the excellent English of the 1684 edition.

Mr. E. G. Browne, lecturer on Persian to the University of Cambridge, will shortly publish a work entitled "A Year Among the Persians."

Ten thousand copies of "Catriona" have already been sold, and a second edition is in the press.

Messrs. Brentano have decided to close their London agency: which fact may be taken to show that the taste for American "literature" is not so strong in England as it once was.

The "Diary of Colonel Peter Hawker," to which we lately referred, will be published next week by Messrs. Longmans.

The Wares of Autolycus.

On the Potato.

Close at hand are the saddest days of the year for the woman who prizes variety in her daily menu, and who delights in a pleasant garniture of green things upon her well-spread table. Gone long since are beladued pea and superb asparagus. Not now can the bean be gathered innocent and green. The tomato's hours are numbered. And fast approaching is the time when well-meaning, but sadly inefficient, Brussels sprouts will lord it over all. In the market, at the hotel *table d'hôte*, at every friend's quiet little dinner, will that prosaic vegetable remind you of your loss—of the pleasures that were but yesterday.

True, there is cauliflower; but cauliflower itself, like all good things, may pall with constant repetition. Celery and artichokes are friends indeed in this dire hour of want. Even the lowly turnip and unaspiring carrot may, properly regulated, be pressed into service. Tinned vegetables, though never received with rapture, are yet not to be despised. But, when all is said and done, winter's resources are but few, and of these few the stoical Briton, constant to his accustomed sprouts, determines to continue ignorant. Sometimes it seems as if England's plight were no less pitiful than that of the proverbial regions, plentifully yielding all manner of necessary victuals, but where the daintiest dishes were ever bread, watercresses, and water!

Were the potato appreciated according to its worth, much of this winter misery might be averted, even for men and women of larger mind and educated appetite. "Vile tuber," too often it has been called. As the poor man's last hope in days of famine, it has won a reputation for usefulness, but scarce for daintiness. An evil name has it gained for the part it plays, here and there, in the tedious problem of over-population. Entirely plebeian, it has thus come to be reckoned entirely commonplace. Once it was associated with the great adventurers, the great courtiers of the world with Hawkins, with Sir Francis Drake, with Sir Walter Raleigh. Its glory was short-lived. Now it suggests only the humblest and lowliest in the land. The poet may sing the virtues of the onion; tall Indian maize and waving wheat, the novelist may love to honour in his "word-picture." But to whom has the potato been an inspiration, save, perhaps, to Erckmann and Chatrian in their story of the peasant; to the naturalist who thinks, to justify his name, he must paint the ugly and contemptible alone?

Sorely misunderstood is this delightful vegetable. It is a poem in itself when treated as it should be; a picture fair to look upon when served according to its merits. There is no device too fantastical, no invention too extravagant, for its possibilities. Is it the potato's fault if sturdy, honest, no-nonsense-about-him John Bull insists upon eating it in no other fashion than "plain boiled," and upon despising foreign, new-fangled innovations? Use is the most effectual master of all things. Poor John Bull will go on to the end satisfied with his plain-boiled, never suspecting the joys he wantonly rejects.

Not that there is no word of defence for his unassuming recipe. With the delicate, delicious little new potato, boiling answers well, though not quite perfectly; butter and sprinkled parsley may do much to idealise the tender tuber. Again, with a good substantial joint and homely greens, a more elaborate and fanciful preparation savours of impertinence. It were a crime in good earnest to eat the *soufflée* or the *Lyonnaise* with your leg of mutton or your sirloin. More appropriate would be the large mealy potato baked in its skin, or else peeled and browned under the meat, and both these fine, dignified variations of the potato theme are to be commended. After all, it were folly to turn poetry into everyday fare; good prose has its uses. To bake a potato is not so simple a matter as it seems. The baked-potato man you meet in the streets, from whom you would be ashamed to buy, is master of the art; your cook, as often as not, proves the veriest bungler and amateur. To break open the fragrant brown skin, and find within but a hard white lump: with what disappointment more bitter can chance torture us? The amount of a cook's salary should depend upon her skill in baking potatoes, and the number of ways in which she can prepare this priceless vegetable.

Of the sweet potato, that symphony in gold and brown, why speak? Why be reminded of the gifts the gods have lavished upon our neighbours and denied to us? Across the Atlantic every good American citizen, every lazy, happy darky is now devouring his sweet potato—baked, broken open, a piece of butter allowed to melt on each half it he be a man of sense—while here but a small majority know the delicacy even by name! Why should many steamers cross the ocean week after week if not one can bring back to England a cargo of the golden vegetable? Rumour has declared it can be found in Covent Garden, but do not facts give rumour the lie?

Garnish your cutlets with fried potatoes is Dumas' direction. And dishes the infallible one has joined together, what woman will dare to put asunder? But if you venture to serve them with *filet* or *Chateaubriand* as well, excommunication will hardly be your penalty—*garniture pour côtelettes et entrées* are his exact words, that you do not rest content with a mere travesty, or caricature, of fried potatoes is the serious consideration. In frying, as in salad-making, nothing of distinction can be accomplished without genius, soft, grease-dripping horrors frequently pass by the name. But they are to be avoided. Your true fried potato is dry and crisp, whether in the thin slices known vulgarly as "chips," in the long, slightly more substantial, pieces, or in the *soufflée*, the potato's poem of poems. One word more from Alexandre: take the most beautiful potatoes for frying, he says lovingly.

For the *pommes de terre sautées*, the small round variety is best. If perfection be your aim, add onions and make your *sautée* a *Lyonnaise* Nothing could be subtler, more enchanting, more inspiring; the onion forces from the potato all its sweetness, all its strength. As the perfume of this ideal combination, incense is not so soothing, not so intoxicating. For onion substitute *ail*—all Provence is in the word—mix it with oil and a touch of lemon and parsley and a bit of thyme, cook the potatoes in the sauce, and you have *pommes de terre à la Provençale*, with their pleasant memories of beautiful Arlesian women, and bull fights in the old arena, and thyme-scented hills, and wild blowing of the *mistral*. One must be a brute indeed, if eating does not stimulate the imaginations, if the dishes of a happy past do not awaken all its happiest associations.

What could be more decorative than the potato croquette, well modelled and discreetly browned? And mashed potatoes, put in the oven for the sake of a fine brown surface, have likewise an ornamental value. The simple *purée*—in common speech, "mashed"—if it make not so brave a showing, is not a whit less palatable; but to have it at its very best, let it be well tempered with milk or cream; a dash of nutmeg—for this one, the French authorities—will appeal to the fastidious. Potato balls, potato cakes there be in endless variety; in symmetrical proportions and graceful form lies the secret of their success; make a dish pleasing to the eye, and you may count upon complete triumph. The little round *Parisiennes*, brown and crisp, lend to the luncheon table a gaiety that is irresistible; their name becomes them well. More serious are the *pommes de terre farcies*: the skins filled with forcemeat, of which the potato is the chief ingredient, and in which herbs have been sprinkled with no sparing hand.

Potatoes excel no less as a savoury than as a salad. Cut in halves, a little cream and Parmesan cheese spread over the top of each, put into the oven until well browned (*au gratin*, in a word), they make a dish which it is a joy to behold, a happiness to eat.

Potato sweets, the foolish and unthinking have been known to prepare; Pretentious puddings, and sillly dumplings. In this respect the Germans have sinned most grievously. Surely it is ill-advised to seek to adapt to ends for which nature never intended it a vegetable which is so distinguished in its proper sphere. Potatoes and sweets—the very words have nought in common.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Reader,—temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

The Voices of the Week.

A group of subjects is dealt with by all the Weeklies, that is—the Coal Strike, the Church Congress, the Siam Convention, the South American Revolutions, the Master of Balliol, and the two political speeches of the week. Beyond these the *Spectator* writes on the contrast in the feeling entertained by England towards France, and by France towards England, and on Lord Armstrong's utterances on the Navy; the *National Observer* on Betterment and on Professional *v.* Amateur; the *Speaker* on the South African War and on the Good Harvest in Ireland; and the *Saturday Review* on County Cricket.

Which is to Rule in Britain?

"Lord Randolph Churchill's return to the political arena," says the *Saturday Review*, "was signalized by a speech showing much of his old vivacity, and needing only a fresher subject to have revived much of the inspiriting effect produced by his oratory in former years. The moment, unluckily, is not favourable for a rattling attack. The enemy is lying too low and too close, and even the smartest sharpshooter in the world has no opportunity of displaying his skill when not so much as a single head is visible within range. Mr. Gladstone's future policy is so carefully hidden that there is nothing to attack, and as Lord Randolph does not take as readily as Mr. Goschen to the less exciting work of criticizing these concealments themselves, he had to go back upon the Home Rule Bill and its history. No doubt there may be still some useful work to be done in endeavouring to drive some of its more iniquitous details into the head of the British elector; but it appears to us less advisable to devote much time to this particularizing work than to dwell insistently on the broad effect of the measure, and to put before the electors plain out of sessions what is the question whereby Lord Randolph has so scandalized a Gladstonian critic—namely, Which is to rule in Britain, the British or the Irish people?"

To Cripple the Lords.

"We have no intention," remarks the *Spectator*, "of transforming the House of Lords into an American Senate. The steps we think of must all, like that which deprived the Lords of the finality in 1861, or like that of which Lord Herschell and the *Spectator* have spoken, go in the direction of crippling its powers and helping its euthanasia. This country has been willing to let the House of Lords exist as a pompous phantom so long as it manifested, at the pressure of the popular will, the phantom's qualities of yielding and disappearance. The genius of the British nation has ever been tolerant of antiquated things, so long as they did no serious harm, but ruthless and unhesitating is its hand when the antiquated thing insists on becoming a nuisance or a danger. The beefeaters, with their lanterns and halberds, still search the vaults of Parliament for Guy Fawkes' gunpowder the opening of every session. Nobody interferes with them. Like ghosts they move through the very modern premises, among the electric light dynamos and the ventilating machinery, discharging their quaint and innocuous function. An irreverent charwoman may laugh, a sightseer from the country who chances upon the procession may look on with awe, but nobody thinks of telling it to go away. Even so many of the Houses of Lords, if it cares, continue a shadowy existence amongst the machinery of our adaptable constitution—machinery reformed to meet the requirements of a modern democratic State."

The Coal Quarrel.

The only gleam of hope for the future, it appears to the *Spectator*, lies in more regular employment rather than higher pay. "If wages," it says, "cannot be made higher, cannot they be made more regular, as they are in almost every other trade in the country? Cannot, in fact, the number of miners be reduced by a much larger proportion of them being paid regularly, and the rest sent away? We by no means say that the change is easily possible; we quite understand that output must correspond with orders, but still we cannot help the suspicion that the trade is overloaded with men, and that it is of this pressure that the pinch most easily can be found. We remember the dockers' strike, and how that really arose. Everybody in the Docks seemed reasonably paid, and nobody had enough, just because nobody was ever reasonably certain that he would be always at work. The same thing is beginning to be the curse of agricultural labour, and is, we believe, in many departments the main cause of its decreasing, as it is the least noticed, of all the labour problems. Nothing can ever be adjusted to a wage which may come, or may not, on Saturday night; and there is no discontent so bitter as that of the man who one week has twenty shillings for his wife, and the next week only ten."

Mr. Fowler's Circular to the Local Boards.

"The full absurdity of Mr. Fowler's circular," says the *National Observer*, "is apparent only when the gigantic scale of the dearth of employment is ascertained. The labouring classes are suffering less from bad times than tradesmen and capitalists. Many a master is making less for himself than he pays to individual subordinates. But this condition has been brought about by the establishment of what in any other department would be called a monopoly. The privileged order of dockmen has improved its position by casting the old and the feeble and the outsiders on the parish; a privileged order of pitmen is struggling to keep its income at an artificial level by terrorising those whose competition would nullify its efforts. In doing so they are inflicting enormous misery on the whole community. Thus at 8*s.* a hundredweight signify the taxation of every poor householder, the starvation of thousands, the death of hundreds. Nor does the effect end here. Dependent trades are obstructed, and the ranks of the unemployed are recruited by men thrown idle by the selfish policy of fellow workmen. More than this: it is perfectly well known to the Labour leaders that their action has caused a definite shrinkage of trade and consequently of employment. Shippers reduce the work done at London and other English ports to a minimum on account of the expense. For a similar reason certain mines have been shut up never to be opened again. Mr. Fowler, however, who knows the light—for his own words are proof that he knows better—is assiduously helping the nation to burn the candle at both ends."

The French "Triumph" in Siam.

"It is exceedingly doubtful," says the *Economist*, "whether the French have secured quite so much advantage as their journalists believe. They have, to begin with, made bitter enemies of the Court of Siam, who are irritated not only with the terms exacted, but with the manner in which they have been pressed, and who will assuredly avail themselves of their power to obstruct, if not indeed, to make their relations closer with the Court of Pekin, which has the means of making its hostility felt throughout French Indo-China. In the second place, they have warned the English quite distinctly as to their ultimate intentions, and the English, though they will not willingly fight for Siam, have the means of making their passage to that country a much better position of defence. They can lend very good officers and good advisers to Bangkok without ever sending a European officer, or, indeed, appearing to interfere in any way whatever. Then the road to China, which the French were anxious to secure, has not been secured, for the Mekong is blocked by rapids, which cannot be removed, and the Chinese, who are now aware that their province of Luang Prabang is important, will know completely how to bar their way. Above all, the monopoly of trade, which the French wished for, has not been secured. The English and Germans retain all their rights to equal treatment, and it is not likely that Powers, which even in Cambodia dwell possessed nearly all the profitable trade, will be beaten in Siam because the French have obtained control of an unnavigable river. The commercial advantages secured by M. Le Myre de Vilers are nominal merely, and will hardly justify, in the eyes of French taxpayers, the expense which will be involved in creating a long list of Consular establishments."

The War with the Matabele.

The unexpected attack by an advance party of the Matabele on a patrol of the Bechuanaland police is "leadered" in the *Times* and the *Chronicle*, and both agree that there is only one course to follow, namely, to effectually break the power of the tribe.

"While Lobengula's quarrel is with the South Africa Company," says the *Times*, "the force attacked is an Imperial force, defending the borders of an Imperial protectorate. The explanation, of course, is that to the Matabele all white men are one people. The High Commission has foreseen all along that a war with Mr. Rhodes's Company must inevitably mean a war with the Imperial forces in Bechuanaland. Lobengula knows no distinction between white people guarded by Bechuanaland police and those under the protection of the Company. War with one set of Englishmen means to him war with all Englishmen. Events have not, indeed, taken exactly the exact course anticipated by Sir Henry Loch, but they are almost certain to follow the same lines and to have the same results. The first shot has not been fired in the Company's territories and against the Company's forces, but in the territories and against the forces of the Crown. Instead of a contest breaking out in Mashonaland and involving the Protectorate, it has broken out in the Protectorate, and must now almost certainly precipitate the long-impending conflict further north. To the Matabele it doubless seemed a matter of little moment against which body of white men they struck first. To the Company nothing could have proved more fortunate than their choice."

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

The Queen has appointed Captain Malcolm Drummond, Groom of the Privy Chamber, to be Groom-in-Waiting on her Majesty in the place of Major the Hon. Henry Charles Legge, who has been promoted to be an Equerry-in-Ordinary. The salary of an equerry is £500 a year, and he has nominally from three to four months of annual duty, but in reality seldom more than six weeks, for the Queen does not usually require the attendance of the equerries-in-waiting when the Court is at Osborne or at Balmoral or on the Continent. A groom-in-waiting receives £334 a year, and he is supposed to have at least twenty-four weeks of annual attendance; but if his turn for duty comes when the Queen is at Osborne or at Balmoral he does not go to Court unless specially summoned.

The Marquis of Ripon returned yesterday to Studley Royal from visiting Captain and Mrs. Vyner at Fairfield House, York, and next week he is going to Balmoral to replace Earl Spencer as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

The Earl and Countess Howe will leave Gopsall Park, their seat in Leicestershire, on Monday next for Newmarket for the race week. Viscount Curzon, M.P., and Lady Georgiana Curzon have been staying during the last fortnight at Invermark Lodge, Forfarshire, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

Lord and Lady Burton and the Hon. Miss Bass are to return next week to Rangemore Hall, their place in Staffordshire, from Glenquoich Forest, Inverness-shire, where they have been residing during the last two months. Lord and Lady Burton will entertain a large house party at Rangemore during Derby race week.

The Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne's celebrated Meikleour water in the Tay was fished last Tuesday by Colonel the Hon. Everard Digby and Major the Hon. North Dalrymple, who, in four hours and a half, landed no fewer than twenty-four salmon, which weighed 385 lb.

Sir Henry Meux has killed a large number of stags during the last month in the deer forest of Alladale, Ross-shire, which he has rented from Sir Kenneth Matheson.

It is now definitely announced that the marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Miss Flora Davis, daughter of Senator John Davis, of the United States, will take place at the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, on Friday, October 27. There will be four bridesmaids, namely, the Ladies Victoria and Hermione Blackwood, sisters of the bridegroom, and Miss Kip and Miss Cameron, of New York, friends of the bride, Mr. Clarke acting as best man. After the ceremony there will be a great reception at the British Embassy in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

The Princess de Brancovan, who celebrated her eldest son's eighteenth birthday this week at the Villa Bessaraba, opposite to Baron A. de Rothschild's magnificent seat, Pregny, on the Lake of Geneva, was once a familiar figure in London society. She then figured as Mdlle. Balouka Musurus, the handsome daughter of the Turkish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Her marriage with the Prince de Brancovan took place in 1874, and until his death, some seven years ago, the Hôtel Brancovan, in the Avenue Hoche, and the Villa Amphion or Bessaraba, on the shore of Lake Leman, were the scenes of much splendid hospitality. The late Prince was not a Bessaraba but a Bibesco, but the last of the direct descendants of the Hospodars left him forty thousand a year upon the condition that he would assume the name. One of his brothers married a daughter of Marshal Ney, and the family is thus connected with the Murats, Massénas, and all the other great names of the Napoleonic Era.

Another story of Professor Jowett. A student who had passed his "greats" with some distinction, had, as was his won't, been taken up by the Master and asked to partake of his hospitality. *Tête-à-tête*, the Master inquired: "Well, Mr. ——, what do you think of metaphysics?" "Oh!" was the consequential reply, "my two years' study has convinced me that metaphysics are humbug." Indeed," calmly observed the Professor, "then you are a very lucky man, Mr. ——, for there are some who have studied metaphysics until their seventieth or eighteenth year and have not made that discovery."

The Infanta Eulalia, who has been the life and soul of society at Royat for the last two months, drinking the waters by day and dancing by night, arrived in Paris on Thursday, the fete day of her father, the ex-King of Spain, Don Francis of Assisi. She is daily expected to come over to England to fetch her children, who have been staying, during her absence, at 133, Cromwell-crescent, under the charge of their English governess. Her Royal Highness will probably pay some visits in England before returning to Paris for the first part of the winter.

Among the visitors on Thursday to the house in Stratford-on-Avon where Shakspeare was born were a couple of gentlemen, one of whom was apparently an actor, while the other was a tall, soldierly man, who wore a single eyeglass, and who was visiting Stratford for the first time. The lady custodian conducted them over the house to the upper room where the poet was born, and there pointed out the famous signatures scribbled on the window-panes and the whitewashed walls. Edmund Kean and G. V. Brooke appeared, among others, on the actors' pillar, and Phelps on one of the rafters. "And here," said the custodian, "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have written their names." The tall man smiled a smile of incredulity. "I think not," he said. "To my certain knowledge Mr. Bancroft could not have written there, for he has never been in Stratford before. *I* am Mr. Bancroft."

It was an interesting and instructive episode. The names had been handed down as genuine for many years, and the trustees and custodians believed them to be authentic. Probably they were actually written by some Bancroft unknown to fame, and perhaps some obscure famous names have been inscribed in the same fashion. Sidney Bancroft is now written up on the actors' pillar, with the date, October 5, 1893, and underneath is the name of his companion Mr. Arthur Cecil.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown, who died yesterday afternoon, was not a man whose name was prominently before the public; but he was none the less an artist of great ability and strong individuality. Though retiring in disposition, he exercised by his work great influence over Rossetti and the other men who began the Pre-Raphaelite movement. To eyes accustomed to more modern work, his art appears quaint and old-world. Though simple and artless, there is no denying its power in colour and composition.

Although the deceased artist exhibited in London at any early stage of his career, Manchester has been the home of much of his best work. For a long period he was engaged on a series of twelve frescoes in the town hall there, the last of which was only recently completed.

As to his method of work, a year or two ago the artist observed to a representative of this journal that he painted much in the open air. "Many people suppose," he said, "that the French began what is called *plein air* painting, but that is not the case. I believe it was begun much earlier in England, and some of us had to put up with much ridicule in those early days" He added, with respect to the picture on which he was then engaged at his residence near Regent's Park, that every part was done in the garden, the models posing to him there. Mr. Brown was in his seventy-second year. He was a grandson of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., has been selected to execute the equestrian statue of Lord Roberts which is to be put up in Calcutta.

The winter's work in connection with the Gonville and Caius College settlement in Bermondsey has begun this week. On Sunday afternoon there is a smoke and chat by the fireside, followed by a discussion, and during the week there are classes, lectures, debates, concerts, and other entertainments. A series of debates are held fortnightly, Wednesday evenings having been chosen, as that is the best night to secure members of Parliament, an arrangement which our overworked legislators may not relish. Mr. John Burns has been secured for the coming Wednesday.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS.—CHAS. STILES and CO. offer these magnificent Pianos on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM at the most advantageous prices and terms. Apply for list to CHAS STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C.

THE WEEKLY SUN

For TO-MORROW, OCTOBER 8, contains the opening chapters of

"A VILLAGE TRAGEDY: The True Story of the Peter-Tavey Murders."

The double murder at Peter-Tavey, near Tavistock, was one of the most terrible and romantic tragedies of recent years. It will be recollected that a young fellow, disappointed in love, fatally shot his old sweetheart and her lover as they were returning from church on a quiet Sunday evening, and that afterwards he expiated his crime on the scaffold.

The facts of the tragedy have not been fully described until now, and they are of absorbing interest.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

THE WEEKLY SUN

TO-MORROW, OCTOBER 8.

COURT THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.—EVERY EVENING at 9, a Three-act Farce, being an English version of the great Parisian success, "Champignol Malgré Lui," entitled THE OTHER FELLOW, by Fred Horner. Messrs. Charles Groves, C. H. Brassfield, Weedon Grossmith, Wilfred Draycott, H. De Lissage, W. Wyes, Compton Coutts, R. Nainby, Charles Burleigh, Seymour Hicks, Sydney Warden, E. Bertram, &c. Misses Patie Brown, Marianne Caldwell, M'Intosh, Ethaline Terriss. Preceded at 8.15 by His LAST CHANCE. Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ethaline Terriss. Doors open at 7.45. Box-office now open. MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), October 7, at 3 o'clock. Doors open 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S SEASON OF 2 WEEKS. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY) at 2.30. A Musical Farcical Nondescript in Two Acts, entitled A MODERN DON QUIXOTE. Words by GEORGE DANCE, Music by JOHN CROOM. Mr. Arthur Roberts and Company.

STRAND THEATRE.—ARTHUR ROBERTS as a Modern Don Quixote.—Electric Success. Great Success at the Comic Gaiety. MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the great success of A MODERN DON QUIXOTE, Mr. Arthur Roberts has decided to CONTINUE his SEASON for another week, ending October 14, thus giving the public a further opportunity of witnessing the most phenomenal success of modern times. THE LADY KILLER will follow A MODERN DON QUIXOTE. Business Manager, J. T. MACEY HOUGHTON.

SAVOY THEATRE.—THIS and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, and EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2.30, an Original Comic Opera by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, entitled, UTOPIA (LIMITED). Doors open 7.45. Box office open 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. R. D'OYLY CARTE, Proprietor and Manager.

TERRYS.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.—Under the management of Miss JANETTE STEER. WEDNESDAY NEXT, October 11, AN AMERICAN BRIDE, by Lawrence Olde and Maurice Nott. Messrs. Herbert Waring, Fred Kerr, Murray Carson, George R. Foss, J. A. Welch, Richard Blunt, Hamilton Pillard, Robson Lambert; Misses Olga Brandon, Henrietta Lindley, Day Tresahar, and Miss Janette Steer.—Business Manager, CHARLES TERRY.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, COVENTRY-STREET, W.—Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES begs to announce that the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE will REOPEN on SATURDAY, October 14, on which date he will produce an entirely new and original musical farce, words by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones, entitled A GAIETY GIRL. The cast will include the following artists:—Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin (his first appearance since his return from America), Eric Lewis, W. Louis Bradfield, Fred Kaye, Lenham Bantock, Lawrance D'Orsay, Gilbert Porteous, Fritz Rimma, and Harry Monkhouse; Misses Decima Moore, Juliette Nevaile, Kate Cutler, Marie Studholme, Lucy Jerrold, and Maria Jones, Maud Hobson, Blanche Massey, Ethel Selwick, Violet Robinson, and Lottie Venne. The box-office will open on Monday at 10. Prices as usual.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE THEATRE.—Proprietors and Lessees, Mr. and Mrs. FRANK WYATT. THIS EVENING at 9, THE TWO JOHNNIES. Messrs. Charles Glenney, Lionel Rignold, Percy Marshall, Graham Wentworth, Fred Jacques, Stanley Smith, and Frank Wyatt; Mesdames Majel Elmers, Charles Fawcus, Gabrielle Hamfrey, Marie Lascelles, and Violet Melnotte. At 8.15, AULD LANG SYNE. MATINEE of THE TWO JOHNNIES WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.

PALACE THEATRE.—Open at 7.30. TO-NIGHT at 10.15, SCARAMOUCHE Fantomime Ballet. Mdlle. Rigardi, Miss Holey, Signors Balbiani and Albertieri, and Corps de Ballet. IDA FULLER, Peggy Pryde, Lieut. Travis, Rose Dearing, W. Morgan, Ryland and Golden, Flossie Leybourne, The Sisters Orgadi, John Lilian, The Flemdons. "A PAL O' ARCHIE'S, supported by Miss Lena Delphine and Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. H. C. Barry, and W. Morgan.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION of GARDENING and FORESTRY, and CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW (2,000 free seats), TO-NIGHT, BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES by the BANDS of H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, ROYAL MARINES, and other BANDS. Beautiful ILLUMINATIONS. Admission ONE SHILLING. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

LAST of CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW, POSITIVE FINISH OCTOBER 14, TWICE DAILY at 3.30 and 8. 6d. to 5s. SHOOTING the "CHUTES," 6d.

ART GALLERY.

NEW GALLERY.—ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION. OPEN DAILY from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.

S. C. COCKERELL, Secretary.

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BOURNEMOUTH.—THE HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL, of world-wide reputation for comfort. Full South. Magnificent Sea Views. Table d'hôte. Electric Light. Supplies from own Alderney Dairy Farm. JOHN KILNER, Proprietor.

NOTICES.

The OFFICES of the PALL MALL GAZETTE and the PALL MALL BUDGET are now REMOVED to 18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C., where all communications should be addressed.

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Beyond 5 lines, 6d. per Line per Insertion.
NOTE.—Each line averages about Seven words.
The advertisements can be repeated at the same rates in the PALL MALL BUDGET, *the Weekly Edition of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

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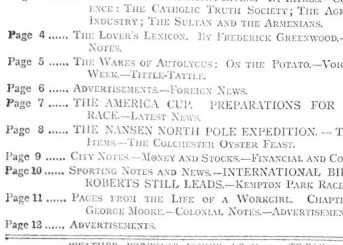
WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.
South England (with London and Channel).—South-westerly and southerly breezes; rain at times.



NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made for the issue of a SPECIAL YACHT RACE EDITION TO-NIGHT, giving the result of the Contest for the AMERICA CUP.

FOURTH EDITION.

FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MATABELE ATTACK THE POLICE.

THE INTENTIONS OF LOBENGULA.

The following telegram from Sir H. B. Loch, dated October 5, has been received at the Colonial Office:—

The officer commanding Bechuanaland Border Police reports that while patrolling on south bank of Shashi River, near Macloutsie, a party of Bechuanaland Border Police was fired at by an advance party of about thirty Matabele. Police returned fire, and, on more Police coming up, Matabele retired. The Matabele approaching so close and taking the offensive indicates, I think, the impis have got out of hand, and intend to force a war. Every arrangement made for this eventuality if unavoidable.

THE INTENTIONS OF LOBENGULA.

This movement on the part of Lobengula derives importance from the fact that it is directed against the Imperial force stationed on the Macloutsie River for the protection of the Chief Khama from Matabele raids, and that it indicates the intention of the Matabele King to attack Tati and the country under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner of South Africa. It is understood that the Bechuanaland police, which is itself an efficient body, will be strongly supported by Khama in repelling any further attacks from the Matabele. The Government at Cape Town are persuaded that the Matabele impis have got beyond the control of Lobengula, and are determined to force on a war with the white settlers. Consequently every preparation has been made by the Government to meet the situation.

THE POLICE TO OCCUPY TATI.

According to an official communication issued yesterday afternoon in Cape Town it has been decided that, owing to the attack of the Matabele upon the Imperial police, the latter will occupy Tati. This assistance will it is considered, greatly strengthen the advance of the British South Africa Company's forces. Major Goold Adams commands the force which has been concentrated by the High Commissioner in readiness at Macloutsie.

SPAIN AND THE MOORISH QUESTION.

SEIZURE OF FLOUR AND RIFLES OFF GIBRALTAR

MADRID, Saturday.—According to despatches just arrived the Moors have reappeared at Melilla in force, their numbers being estimated at 14,000. All are well armed and carry good guns. They seem determined to maintain their position, as they are making entrenchments on Spanish territory and have occupied the complete fortress of Sidi Guariasch, the construction of which was an initial cause of conflict. The Moors fire at intervals on Spaniards on the walls, and manifest considerable insolence. They also fired on the steamer *Sevilla* as she was leaving Melilla with wounded. One Spanish sailor was wounded. Among other aggressive acts they have abducted a girl whom a Spaniard was about to marry. Three Moorish spies have been arrested who were hidden in the town.—*Central News.*

MADRID, Friday evening.—The *Epoca* publishes a telegram from Algeciras, stating that the Spanish gunboat *Tarifa* has seized a small craft which was proceeding from Gibraltar, laden with flour and rifles, and bound for Morocco. The journal says that this cargo must be regarded as contraband of war, and demands that a diplomatic note be sent to the British authorities at Gibraltar requesting them to prevent a repetition of the offence. The Spanish fleet, which is at present engaged in manœuvres off Santa Pola, will sail for Alicante, where a grand naval review will be held. Thence the vessels will proceed to the African coast, where they will cruise off Tangier and Melilla, subsequently taking up their station at Algeciras, which will be the base of operations should the further development in the Moorish question require the services of war ships.—*Reuter.*

THE OCCUPATION OF UGANDA.

The committee of the Aborigines' Protection Society recently wrote to the Foreign Secretary, calling attention to outrages alleged to have been perpetrated in Toro and on the frontier of Unyoro by Nubians formerly belonging to the Egyptian service, who had been employed in Uganda by the British East Africa Company, and expressed apprehensions that these men, who have been taken into the administration established by Sir Gerald Portal, may be guilty of further misconduct. Lord Rosebery has replied that measures have been taken to avert danger from this source. Four carefully-selected English officers, speaking Arabic, have been sent out to take command of the Soudanese troops in Uganda, and Lord Rosebery has no doubt that their presence will secure the requisite discipline and control.

THE MISSION IN KABUL.

Reuter's Special Correspondent with the British Mission to Afghanistan telegraphed from Kabul on the 4th inst., via Lundi Kotal, as follows:—

"Sir Mortimer Durand and staff will probably pay their first visit to the Ameer to-morrow. All the members of the Mission are well. The European employees of the Ameer have now all left Kabul, with the exception of Mr. Pyne. There was a slight frost last night. The weather is daily getting perceptibly colder."

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

PARIS, Saturday.—The *Journal des Débats* protests to-day against the utterances attributed to M. de Mahy in the report of the interview with him which appeared in the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* yesterday, and declares that to convert the French protectorate over Madagascar into annexation would, under present circumstances, be an act of downright folly. Those, it says, who judge Madagasy affairs dispassionately are firmly resolved not to support a policy of scuttle, and are determined to maintain French rights in the island, but they emphatically repudiate all idea of annexation. The journal then expresses its apprehension lest the Court of Antananarivo should overrate the importance of M. de Mahy's views, and says that the sole object of French diplomacy in Madagascar is simply to secure the complete and frank execution of existing treaties. The writer adds that M. de Mahy's statements involved only his own personal responsibility, and were such as to call for an immediate protest.—*Reuter.*

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

VICTORIA, British Columbia, Friday.—During the past few days the Minister of Mines and the Provincial Assayer have been visiting the Alberni goldfields on the west cost of the island where the quartz ledges were reported to vary from four feet to six feet in thickness. The representatives of the Government on their return expressed their satisfaction with the extent and wealth of the discoveries.—*Reuter.*

AFFAIRS IN ARGENTINA.

BUENOS AYRES, Friday Evening.—The Argentine President has refused to accept the resignation of Senor Virasoro, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who wished to retire from office in order to present himself as a candidate for the Governorship of Corrientes. A telegram from Rio Grande states that the Federalists have taken the town of Bage.—*Reuter.*

A RECORD PASSAGE TO NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—The Cunard Line steamer *Lucania*, which arrived here at half-past eight yesterday evening, beat the record established by the American line steamer *Paris* by 59 min., having accomplished the passage in 5 days 13 h. 25 min.—*Reuter.*

Mr. Tom Mann is announced to preach to-morrow night at St. Thomas's-square Chapel at Hackney.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

ACTION OF THE FOREIGN POWERS.

PEIXOTO ORDERED TO COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—The following telegram is published from Monte Video of yesterday's date:—The diplomatic body in Rio de Janeiro have called upon President Peixoto as an ultimatum to make a compromise with the rebels by Monday, or leave the city. If the President does not accept this demand the Foreign Ministers will recognize the rebels as belligerents. There was no bombardment of the city up to four o'clock this afternoon.

ADMIRAL DE MELLO'S ULTIMATUM.

Another telegram states that news has been received at Monte Video that Admiral de Mello has ordered President Peixoto to abandon the city within forty-eight hours or otherwise the fleet will resume the bombardment. The diplomatic body are in favour of President Peixoto leaving Rio de Janeiro, as they believe such a course will terminate the war. The President, however, refuses to yield, and is making fresh preparations to carry on operations with greater vigour than he has yet shown. One of his new projects is to combat Admiral de Mello's fleet with ships as well as the shore batteries. The Government have accordingly ordered the organization of a naval division of the north which shall be placed under the command of Admiral Duarte. They have also opened a credit of four million dollars to meet the expenses of the war.

THE INSURGENTS RUNNING SHORT OF AMMUNITION.

It is reported that Admiral De Mello's ships are running short of ammunition. The diplomatic body in Rio de Janeiro have notified the insurgent Admiral that he must abstain from throwing shot and shell into the undefended parts of the town otherwise intervention on the part of the foreign ships will be ordered. There is no truth in the rumour that some of the officers of the foreign ships at Rio de Janeiro have been giving support to Admiral de Mello. All the foreign officers have maintained strict neutrality, and none of them have shown the slightest leaning towards either faction.

AN ENGLISHMAN LOSES HIS LIFE.

Mr. Henry Watmough was the English clerk of the London and Brazilian Bank who lost his life during the bombardment of Rio de Janeiro. He was at breakfast at an hotel when a shell burst in the room and killed him. Affairs have assumed a serious aspect, not only in Rio de Janeiro, but also in Rio Grande, where the rebels are now supreme. All the efforts of the insurgents in this district are concentrated in an endeavour to crush General Castilho, the Governor of Rio Grande, and his followers.—*Reuter.*

BUENOS AYRES, Saturday.—According to intelligence from Rio de Janeiro, the report is current there that the diplomatic body has informed President Peixoto that if he does not withdraw his forces from the capital by Sunday next the foreign Powers will recognize the insurgents as belligerents.—*Reuter.*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF RIO.

Reuter's Agency has been informed by the Brazilian Legation that firing was commenced by the insurgent squadron on Thursday at ten o'clock, and some shells fell in the city. With regard to the erection of fortifications and batteries within the city of Rio de Janeiro, it is pointed out that the Government were compelled to construct these defences, inasmuch as the insurgent squadron made use their guns against the insurgent squadron without risk of damaging the city, as Admiral de Mello's vessels kept close in to the shore. The Government, it is declared, cannot remain defenceless, and they have nothing to do with the intervention of the foreign vessels of war, who are there solely for the protection of the property of foreign subjects. The Brazilian Government can by mounting guns at various points of the city compel the insurgent squadron to surrender they must do so. They will certainly not seek the assistance of the foreign war-vessels, as by taking that course they would place themselves in a false position, laying themselves open to the accusation of obtaining foreign help, which is always to be avoided in a civil war. The Brazilian Government would undoubtedly be glad if the action of the foreign war vessels had the effect of protecting the city from the fire of the insurgent squadron, but believe they are sufficiently strong to defend themselves. It is confidently declared that Admiral de Mello will not succeed in his adventure, and the bombardment of the city has made him perfectly odious to the townspeople.

THE STORM IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Fuller reports are now being received from the extensive areas devastated by the storm along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. It is authoritatively stated that the number of persons killed in Louisiana alone reaches the appalling total of 2,041, and it is estimated that fully 300 others are unaccounted for, and may reasonably be considered to have perished.—*Central News.*

COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

A collision occurred off Dungeness during a gale last night between a steamer and a large sailing vessel. The latter was struck across the bows and seriously damaged. She proceeded down Channel this morning in tow.

MONSON ILL IN PRISON.

A Greenock correspondent telegraphs that Monson, who lies in Greenock prison awaiting his trial has fallen ill. He was yesterday allowed to see his sister and to-day his wife paid him a visit.

ACCIDENT ON THE NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

The traffic on the London and North Western Railway was disorganized this morning by a coal-train running into the buffers at Tebay. The engine was thrown across both main lines, making a complete block, and delaying for several hours the night West Coast expresses from Scotland, the Limited mail, and the night expresses from the south. The lines were clear for traffic at nine o'clock. It is alleged that the driver of the coal train, who was seriously scalded, mistook the signals. The coal train was travelling south. A later telegram states that the limited mail was only stopped in time to prevent it running into the coal train, and that but for the promptitude of the officials a shocking catastrophe would have occurred.

ATTEMPTS AT ARSON AT ROWTON HOUSE.

The residents of Rowton House at Vauxhall, chiefly working men and their families, have recently been considerably alarmed by various attempts at arson in the building. In each case the means used have been the same, namely, by placing lighted newspapers on beds. On a recent occasion one of the lodgers passing through a corridor discovered a man in one of the rooms, the bed of which was on fire, while a newspaper was alight on the clothes. The man was given into custody, and stated that he had seen the fire while passing and was endeavouring to extinguish it. He was eventually committed for trial. Since his incarceration, however, another deliberate attempt has been made to destroy the building, exactly the same means having been used. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time, and put out before much damage was done. Great uneasiness is felt by the inhabitants of the building, who number between four and five hundred.

ALARMING GAS EXPLOSION IN BERMONDSEY.

A serious gas explosion occurred last night at 11, Longley-street, Bermondsey. The occupier having detected an escape of gas sent for a gasfitter named Evans, and upon arriving at the house he entered the parlour with a lighted candle in his hand. Immediately there was a loud explosion, and the room and its contents were completely wrecked. The man Evans was knocked down, the windows were blown into the street, and a portion of the ceiling dislodged. The explosion was so violent as to also crack the street-door. The glass from the windows fell into the street in a shower, some of the particles falling on the opposite side of the street, but fortunately no persons were passing at the time. The gasfitter's beard was burned off, and he was badly burned on the hands, neck, and face. His injuries were attended to by a local doctor, and he was afterwards removed to Guy's Hospital.

MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

SUNDAY.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To United States, &c., via Southampton.

MAILS DUE.—From United States, &c., via Southampton.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—None.

MONDAY.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Evening: To Newfoundland via Liverpool; to Newfoundland via Liverpool (parcel mail).

MAILS DUE.—From West Coast of Africa and Gambia via Liverpool; from Japan, China, Straits Settlements, and Ceylon by French packet.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Albert, Edith, Swift,* or *Leona*, from Hull for Rotterdam; —, from Southampton for Havre; —, from Southampton for St. Malo.

[Letters intended to be sent by private ship must be specially addressed "By Private Ship," and if by a particular ship its name must be added.]

FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

PREPARATIONS FOR TO-DAY'S RACE.

CRITICISMS AND FORECASTS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Friday Night.—The place echoes with the result of the first meeting between *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*. The added prospect of a smart breeze to-morrow makes everybody long for the morning. There is a quiet feeling of satisfaction in the English colony, and although Lord Dunraven will not say much, it can be seen that there is no lack of confidence on his part in his good craft and the sturdy crew.

Valkyrie won golden opinions from New York experts, despite their oft-repeated assertion (for publication) that Thursday's meeting proved nothing.

Yachtsmen were engaged to-day in discussing the failure, and making excuses for *Vigilant* for the gain which *Valkyrie* made on her when the wind shifted. Few were found who would say that it was due to a bad blunder on the part of *Vigilant*. August Belmont, one of the owners of *Vigilant*, who sailed on her during the race, was not inclined to look upon *Valkyrie* to-day as having proved herself a more dangerous rival than she appeared before. He said that he thought she would be beaten by *Vigilant* in a drifting match and in heavy weather, but in a light sea and light wind *Valkyrie* might prove better.

Mr. Latham A. Fish, of the America Cup Committee, said that no comparison could be made between the boats on yesterday's race. When they had sailed in some kind of a breeze it would be time to talk about the relative merits of the two boats. Mr. Fish thought that *Vigilant* would have been a trifle too quick in taking in her spinnaker when the change of wind came, but at the same time it would have been the proper thing to do in the usual state of affairs. The sail was taken aback, and the wind was heading the boat off, and it was manifestly the best thing to do under the circumstances.

That *Valkyrie* did not make the mistake was because she could see the error of *Vigilant*, and being behind her could avoid it. The day was a day of flukes in which *Valkyrie* got the better of them, and it was not a test of the boats. He thought that six hours was too long for a yacht race of thirty miles, and the time limit should be decreased to five, which would make it necessary to sail and not to drift.

One point upon which all of the yachtsmen spoken to were agreed was that the boats were greatly hampered by the excursion craft.

Mr. Herreshoff, who designed *Vigilant* and sailed her yesterday, said that no mistake was made on his yacht. She merely lost wind and steerage way. *Valkyrie* had been able to hold her spinnaker longer, and thus got out of the doldrums into which *Vigilant* was thrown. He said that yesterday's race was no test of the boats, and that he was pleased with *Vigilant's* performance. No changes would be made on her for to-morrow's race.

The men on *Valkyrie* say that her strong point is windward work. One of them expressed it this morning when reminded of *Vigilant's* well-known ability in pointing: "She may look there, but our boat can go there." They admitted that *Valkyrie's* mainsail was inferior to that of *Vigilant*. Slight alterations may be made in the sheet to-day, but the work will be done on board. The boat of the club will be trimmed a little.

Captain Barr of *Navahoe* said *Vigilant* was all right but the wind all wrong, and perhaps her handlers were a bit slow or lacking in judgment. In the windward work, though, it was self-evident that, boat for boat, *Valkyrie* was the better of the two. On the other hand, *Vigilant* proved that in just such weather and running dead before the wind she could drift along a little faster.

"But oh, so little! Too little, in fact, when it is considered that she carried 1,000 square feet and more of canvas than *Valkyrie* to intercept the little puffs of wind that came along now and then to send her ahead."

"Do you think, Captain Barr, that *Valkyrie* is the best windward boat ever sent over here by the English?"—"Most certainly she is the best in all points by from twenty to thirty minutes."

"What do you think of the merits of the two boats? More explicitly and to the point, would you bet now on *Vigilant?*"—"In a stiff breeze, without much sea, yes; otherwise I would back *Valkyrie*."

"What did you think of the handling of *Valkyrie* as compared to that of *Vigilant?*"—"Well, Captain Cranfield showed better judgment when the wind shifted in holding to his spinnaker, but those on board *Vigilant* equalised matters by doing just the right thing on rounding the outer mark—that is, setting their balloon jib topsail."

The New York Stock Exchange contains many enthusiastic yachtsmen. The impression there to-day was almost universal that *Valkyrie* will come very near taking the Cup to England. Ex-Commodore James Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, said, "While I am not at all concerned about yesterday's result—the boat being so light and variable—*Valkyrie* unquestionably did better work to windward than *Vigilant*. She may have had more wind, but the English boat is certainly a surprise."

Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, who sailed with Lord Dunraven on *Valkyrie*, had only this to say of the affair: "It was not a race, and comparisons are impossible in consequence. We held a commanding position, however, to the last, and if the race could have been finished within the time limit, I do not see how we could have lost. Even granting *Vigilant* to be a faster boat, we had lead enough to beat her out, and that by several minutes."

Mr. Kersey would not express an opinion as to the employment of the spinnaker after rounding the mark. "Captain Cranfield was running the thing, and I would not for a moment question his good judgment."

Mr. Kersey had only words of praise for the fine showing which *Valkyrie's* crew made. "I was astonished at their quickness. They are as well or better drilled than any I have ever seen."

The Weather Bureau predicts a 17-knot wind for to-morrow, but yachtsmen are not enthusiastic over the accuracy with which the forecast officer foretells the atmospheric conditions. There was a stiff breeze to-day that stirred the heart of every yachtsman, and the remark was general, "What a day for a race!"

There has been some savage criticism of the way in which *Vigilant* was sailed. Mr. Newberry D. Thorne, of the County Club, who was one of the amateur crew on *Vigilant*, was asked who sailed the American boat on Thursday. "Mr. Herreshoff sailed her to the outer mark and Captain Hansen brought her back."

When asked if there were not too many skippers on board *Vigilant*, Mr. Thorne said that nothing was done without consulting with Captain Hansen. Except Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin, nobody expressed an opinion unless asked to speak. Mr. Herreshoff's *forte* is supposed to be sailing a boat before the wind, and for that reason he was placed at the tiller in the first part of Thursday's contest.

Neither boat was damaged, and beyond a little lightening of the rigging, and going over the sails, very little was done on board of either craft yesterday. Wintringham, the shipwright, is making a new solid club and yard for *Valkyrie's* jack yarder. It is said that it bent a little while being placed in position on Thursday, and that Mr. Watson, wishing to be on the safe side, had ordered the spare sticks.

Neither Lord Dunraven nor Mr. Kerr was at Bayridge to-night. Mr. Watson and Mr. Ratsey occupied the quarters at the Club House.

Lord Dunraven, Lord Wolverton, Marquis of Ormonde, and others of the party met Mr. Iselin and other owners of *Vigilant* at a dinner given at Delmonico's by Messrs. Woodbury Kane and Ralph N. Ellis, who were Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's guests on the *Navahoe* across the Atlantic.

ABANDONMENT OF RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN SIAM.

Owing to the territorial acquisitions recently made by the French in Siam, and the prevailing uncertainty as to the settlement of the frontier, which it is feared may lead to future complications, the British scheme for the prompt construction of railways to Khorat and Nongkhai, on the Mekong River, as well as a subsidiary narrow-gauge railway, has been abandoned.

THE LATE MR. FORD MADOX BROWN.

HIS WORK IN MANCHESTER.

As we have said in another column, Manchester has been the home of Mr. Ford Madox Brown's best work. As far back as 1845 he was an exhibitor in the local gallery; and the exhibition of 1878 contained no less than eleven examples of his work. In January of that year the committee appointed to arrange for the mural decoration of the Town Hall decided to give the commission for the twelve pictures in the public hall to Mr. Ford Madox Brown and Mr. F. J. Shields; the latter, however, did not execute any of the panels. During the progress of the work Mr. Brown was necessarily brought into contact with many persons in that city, and his genial manners, varied information, and skill as a *raconteur* made him a general favourite. The latter pictures in the Town Hall series were painted in London, after he had given up his Manchester house.

MR FORD MADOX BROWN.

On the completion of Mr. Brown's great pictures in the Town Hall less than a month ago the *Manchester Guardian* published the following appreciative estimate of his work:—

"In the separate panels as they arrived in Manchester it has been possible now and again to point to detached passages of the artist's work—the perspective of the left side of the first panel, for instance, and one or two of the figures in panels of more recent date—which appeared in the eyes of some experts at least to be technically defective. But the total result is a piece of decoration is magnificent, and the spectator's sense of any shortcomings in detail is completely lost when he stands at either end of the hall and simply allows himself to feel the pervading richness and harmony of the scheme of colour and the perfect adaptation of the tone of different panels—some sombre, some extremely bright and vivid—to the particular lighting of their position. It is only now that the public can appreciate the absolute unity of purpose with which Mr. Madox Brown has worked out his task from first to last, and the great originality and force of imagination which could first conceive and then steadily keep before the painter's mind the great plan of decoration that is now carried out. It has been sometimes said that Mr. Madox Brown would be remembered rather as the founder of the greatest artistic movement of this century than as an artist of great personal achievement. Till his work for Manchester was done it was not possible either to affirm or to rebut this judgment with confidence. Now, however, the materials for a judgment are complete, and Manchester has the honour of having given a great contemporary master of decoration the splendid opportunity of distinction presented by a commission to carry out his designs in freedom on large wall spaces in a fine building. It was, of course, in one sense an experiment—it was an experiment in this sense when Venice gave similar commissions to Veronese—but it is only by venturing on such experiments that a city can gain the highest artistic distinction; and Mr. Madox Brown's work, even if it stood alone, would raise Manchester henceforward to a new position among the cities that have known good art from bad and have used this knowledge to give beauty and dignity to their public buildings."

"STAGES OF CRUELTY."

The accompanying outline sketch of "Stages of Cruelty" will afford an idea of Mr. Brown's style. The work was begun in 1856, the greater part being then painted, but it was laid aside and not finished till 1890. The idea is more lightly suggested than is sometimes the case in Mr. Brown's works. The little girl is ill-treating a long-suffering bloodhound, while her grown-up sister, doubtless with greater experience and keener satisfaction, teases her lover. The child's weapon is a spray of "love lies bleeding," and the young lady's weapons are such as have been known to the feminine heart in all ages. As to the treatment, it is painted with the most painstaking thoroughness, and is full and rich in colour. The little girl was painted in the first instance from the artist's daughter, who married the late Mr. Francis Hueffer, and finally from his grandaughter.

"Work," which was exhibited in London for the first time in 1865 has been regarded as one of Mr. Brown's best productions. The central figures are a group of "navvies" digging in a road, and round them are types of other forms of handwork and brainwork, of those who cannot gain work and of those who will not labour. It is an allegory of the social forces, good and bad, of the time. The painter has himself indicated its scope and spirit in this sonnet:—

> Work, which bends the brow and tans the flesh
> Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils!
> By whose weird art, trans-muting poor men's evils,
> Their bed seems down, their oaten dish ever fresh.
> Ah, me! For lack of it what ills in leash
> Hold us. Its want the pale mechanic levels
> To workhouse depths while Master Spendthrift revels.
> For want of work the heads of kings soon impress!
> Ah! beauteous tripping dame, with bell-like skirts,
> Intent on thy small scarlet-coated hound,
> Are ragged wayside babes not lovesome too?
> Untrained, their state reflects on thy deserts.
> Or they grow noisome beggars to abound,
> Or dreaded midnight robbers, breaking through.

AILING AND CONVALESCENT.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA.—Seriously ill.
DR. HERZ.—Condition critical.

THE MAIDENHEAD MYSTERY.

DRAGGING THE DUTCH CANALS.

THE QUESTION OF THE HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS.

The canals in the neighbourhood of Naarden were dragged by the police yesterday in pursuance of the search for the remains of Miss Juett and Miss Schmitz. The Laranberg and Deunenoord woods were also carefully searched, but with no result. The *Handelsblad* says that at ten o'clock on the morning of the 31st August De Jong visited a hairdresser's in the capital to have his hair cut. He was seen for the last time at one o'clock the same afternoon going by tram to Schollenbrug, accompanied by a woman who was not Miss Schmitz. The *Handelsblad* yesterday evening published a letter from M. Simons, a barrister, calling in question the statement that the authorities had decided to have De Jong hypnotized. The writer maintains that, although such a proceeding is not contrary to law, it is opposed to the principles of justice and equity. Replying to this letter, the *Handelsblad* says that its information was received from what it considers a trustworthy source, but that a reporter, on questioning Dr. Van Renter Ghem, was informed by that gentlemen that he knew nothing of the decision attributed to the authorities.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.—Absolute secrecy is observed in regard to the examination of Mr. Juett, sen., by the magistrate yesterday, which lasted for six hours. De Jong was confronted with the witness but appeared quite indifferent, and denied every accusation. Mr. Juett subsequently started on his return to Maidenhead. The question whether the judicial authorities are acting legally in directing hypnotic experiments to be made upon De Jong is much discussed by the press, and considerable difference of opinion prevails.—*Reuter.*

BIG TIMBER FIRE IN THE EAST-END.

GREAT DAMAGE DONE.

The saw mills and timber-yard of Messrs. Phillips and Son, situated in Green-street, Bethnal Green, were discovered on fire early this morning. The mischief originated from an unknown cause in a large three-floored building, crammed with wood of every kind, and the manner in which the flames spread is described by eye-witnesses as extraordinary. The flames were spreading right and left with tremendous fury. The premises of Mr. J. Holmes, overmantle maker, and Mr. S. Lakey, cabinet maker, and Mr. J. Lambkins, 28s.; Lyons, 28s.; Eden Main, 28s.; and Whitburn, 28s. per ton. Twenty-six fresh steamers have arrived in the Thames since Wednesday, with a total cargo of nearly 25,000 tons. Several of the steamers were laden with steam and gas coal, and most of them were sold for arrival. Merchants on the exchange were unanimous in opinion that the orders from the public had fallen off to such a degree that the retail trade was at a standstill. There was no alteration in retail prices. Wallsend was quoted at 38s., house coal 36s., and kitchen (cobbles and nuts), 35s. per ton. Coke was delivered at 17s. per chaldron.

MR. PICKARD ON THE SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE.

Speaking at Barnsley yesterday, Mr. Pickard warned the miners not to expect too much from the conference to be held at Sheffield on Monday, as their representatives had no definite scheme to discuss. They were going to hear the proposals to be submitted by the mayors. Reports from various parts of the country show that distress caused by the dispute is daily growing more acute.

MEETING OF LANCASHIRE MINERS.

A mass meeting of miners held yesterday at Haydock, Lancashire, was addressed by Mr. Woods, M.P., who said it was absurd to accuse him of keeping the men out. A resolution was carried approving of the action of the Federation leaders, and reaffirming the determination to resist a reduction of wages.

THE FEATHERSTONE TRAGEDY.

The Royal Commission to inquire into the colliery riots at Featherstone, consisting of Lord Bowen, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., and Mr. Haldane, M.P., will, we understand, commence its sittings at Wakefield about the middle of this month. The local arrangements and preparations are being made on the spot by the secretary to the Commission, Mr. H. H. Pain, and it is stated that a preliminary meeting will shortly be held to determine upon the procedure of the inquiry.

FOREST OF DEAN WAGES ADVANCED.

A meeting was held at Speech House, Dean Forest, yesterday evening, when the sliding scale committee considered the question of the advances in coals and the wages rate. It was shown that the coals had advanced 3s. since the colliories were re-opened, and this carries with it 15 per cent. advance in wages, which will commence on Monday morning. The demand exceeds the supply, although overtime is made every day, and the advance has given much satisfaction.

TWO UNEMPLOYED MINERS KILLED.

SHEFFIELD, Saturday (Special).—At Wincobank, near Sheffield, late last night two unemployed miners were killed while coal getting. Lately several men have undermined a bank for coal for their own use but have neglected to do any spragging. Five of them while working last night heard a rumbling noise and the whole of the roof fell in. Three escaped, one being slightly injured, but two were killed. It took several hours to release the bodies from the *debris*.

PREACHERS FOR TO-MORROW.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, 10 (Bishop of London's ordination); Canon G. F. Browne, 3.15; the Bishop of Hull, 7.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The Rev. H. W. Hitchcock, 10; Canon Prothero, 3.

CHAPEL ROYAL, Savoy.—The Rev. W. J. Lottie, 11.30; the Rev. R. J. Knowling, 7.

TEMPLE CHURCH.—Canon Ainger, 11; the Rev. S. A. Alexander, 3.

ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster.—Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop Coadjutor for Northern and Central Europe, 11; the Rev. F. W. Bussell, 7.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—The Rev. A. Cleveland, 11.

WESLEYAN WEST LONDON MISSION.—St. James's Hall: The Rev. W. A. Taylor, 11; the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes (conference) 3.30 (subject—"The Coal War"), and 7. Princes Hall, Piccadilly: The Rev. W. A. Taylor, 7.

PRESBYTERIAN REFORMED CHURCH.—Regent-square: The Rev. Alexander Connell, 11 and 7.

SOUTH KENSINGTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Emperor's-gate, Gloucester-road.—The Rev. Robert Milne, 11 and 7.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL CHURCH, Russell-street, Covent Garden.—The Rev. A. Mercer, 11.30; the Rev. John Noble, 3.30.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Marlborough-place.—The Rev. Dr. J. Monro Gibson, 11 and 7.

THEISTIC CHURCH, Swallow-street, Piccadilly.—The Rev. Charles Voysey, 11 and 7.

NEWTON HALL, Fetter-lane.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, "The Positivist Creed: Religious, Scientific, Social," at 7.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Bloomsbury.—Rev. H. S. Stork, 11; Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, 7.

PRO-CATHEDRAL, Kensington.—Right Rev. Monsignor, M.A., 11; Rev. W. Croke Robinson, M.A., 7.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.—Newhaven, W.N.W., cloudy, sea smooth, temp. 53; Ryde, W., fine morning, sea moderate, 55; Worthing, fine but dull, sea smooth, 56.

AT 9 O'CLOCK.—Aberytwyth, E., dull, sea calm; Brighton, W., dull, sea calm; Eastbourne, N.W., sunshine, sea rough; Hastings, W.N.W., fine, sea rough; Barmouth, W., showery, sea moderate; Margate, temp. 52, bar. 29.59 steady, S.W., bright sunshine; Falmouth, S.W., showery, sea smooth; Penzance, N.W., showery, sea moderate; Plymouth, S., showery, sea smooth; Teignmouth, N.W., cloudy, sea smooth; Torquay, N.W., fine, sea smooth; Weston-super-Mare, S.E., cloudy, sea smooth; Wycombe, W., fine, sea moderate; Scilly, S.W., mist, sea calm; Ramsgate, W., bright; Bournemouth, S.E., stormy; Ilfracombe, E., dull; Southampton, N.W., fine; Cromer, S., cloudy, bar. 29.24, rising; Lowestoft, W., clear, bar 29.6 rising; Harwich, fine.

AT 9.30 A.M.—Boulogne, clear and fine, temp. 56; Berne, fine morning, 56; Calais, showery, 51; Bienne Macolin, fine but dull, 54; Paris, fine some clouds, 55; Brunig, clear and fine, 56; Caux-sur-Montreux, dull morning 53; Geneva, blue sky, warm sun, 58; Lausanne, fine, some clouds, 58; Lucerne, overcast, mild, 54; Rehen, dull, fine morning, 54; Rotterdam, fine, 57; Ostend, fine morning, 54; Vevey Montreux, dull, but fine, 57; Rome, fine, but dull, 70; Zermatt, fine, some clouds, 50; Baden-Baden, fine morning, 50; Queenboro', fine morning, light wind, fair passage, 54.

THE NANSEN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

FIRST LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR ON BOARD.

The following letters, written in the Barentz Sea, have just been received from Dr. Henrik Blessing, surgeon and botanist on board the ship *Fram* (that is, *Forward*), in which Dr. Fridthjof Nansen is now attempting to reach the North Pole by a new route in a novel manner. The doctor says:—

We reached Vardö (the last town in Norway) on July 19, as the telegraph has already informed you, a day later than calculated, having to call in at Kjölletjord. We were told that we had cheated the good Vardö folks of a holiday by our late arrival, as a crowded excursion steamer had come specially from Vadsö and other stations to give us a welcome and say good-bye; but all had to return the same day. However, the town was flag-decked and decorated from end to end in our honour, and our welcome from these kind people, who, from experience, know so well the great dangers and difficulties besetting Arctic exploration, was most hearty. They entertained us with cheering speeches of the lovely Arctic summer nights and the exhilarating effects on the mind of breathing in these weird regions. Here the *Fram* was subjected to a thorough overhauling by divers, a quantity of algæ, &c., having already settled on her bottom during the voyage from Christiania and the south; in fact, the clearance was at once shown when we left, as she could steam five miles (nautical) instead of as formerly only four.

A Box of Norway's Earth.

From Vardö we took with us a curious gift, namely, a box of Norway's earth. The earth was not intended to remind us of home, but to serve as a nursery for plants grown under the electric light. To that end Professor Lagerheim, conservator of the Tromsö Museum, gave me a lot of seeds from these northern latitudes. I hope to be able to furnish our table now and then with radishes and cresses grown by me in hyperborean regions under the electric light. I purpose using my first forcing bed under the glow lamp in the skylight of the saloon if indeed, no doubt it will be refreshing to the eye to have the little green garden to look at during the long Polar night. "Oh, wonders of science! Maybe the radishes won't grow to edible size, and maybe we shall prefer to *look* at them.

I cannot leave Vardö without reference to a "kvæne" bath, which we took, somewhat resembling a Russian vapour bath. It is amusing to take such a bath, for the process itself creates mixed sensations, but no man in his right senses would, I should say, go and take a "kvæne" bath for its own sake—self-preservation is too strong for that. If, however, you should unhappily light upon a "shareholder" in the concern, there is no escape. Such was the case with me.

Good-Bye to Civilization.

Cabarowa (Novaya Zemlya) July 31, 1893.—It is ten days since we left Vardö, Europe, and civilization. On the first days the weather was calm but clear, but then a fog came on. This has followed us all the while since, without hardly lifting. The course was shaped south for Goose Cape, the southern extremity of Goose Land (lat. 72° N.), and on July 25 land was sighted, but we still headed south towards the Jugor Schar (the channel into the Kara Sea), and did not land. Thereby we lost some pleasantly anticipated goose shooting, but time was pressing. This same detour to Goose Land Nordenskiöld also made on his famous voyage around Siberia in 1878-79, as experience has shown that there is generally a good deal of drift ice in the sea north of the mouth of the Peschora River and along the Waigatz, so that it is necessary to keep close inshore in the "leads" which form in the ice between the coast and the pack-ice. On July 27, at 4 P.M., we met the first ice-floe, and for several hours afterwards we had to work our way in the pack. As an ice-boat the *Fram* seemed splendid; particularly now, when the vessel is fully loaded, there is a capital "way" upon her in the ice. Great must the blow be that shall penetrate her. But it is hard work to steer in the ice. Generally two men are required for the work, but up to the present one has sufficed with us. The commanding officer stands at the fore top, or in the crow's nest, firing away without a break such orders as "Starboard," "Port," "Hard-a-port," "Steady," &c., so that he at the wheel requires no "kvæne" bath to get warm in Cabarowa. Nordahl (electrical assistant) has connected by wire the crow's nest with the wheel and the engine-room, which is a capital idea, as the noise from the machinery and the crunching of the ice often drown the words of command.

Befogged for a Day.

On July 28, at eight A.M., we were compelled to lay to, fog having again set in. We lay idle for a whole day, when the fog lifted. The next day we arrived here at Cabarowa, or the "Samoyede Village," as the Arctic hunters simply call it. The place consists of a chapel, a storehouse (belonging to the well-known Siberian merchant, Sibiriakow, who is attempting to open up a trade route with Siberia by such energy; some low timber huts, in which the Russians dwell, and Samoyede tents, the number of which vary with the season. The Russians are traders from Pustosork, on the Petschora River, who come hither in the spring, purchase furs, and return to Europe in autumn. They journey with reindeer. That the natives are completely cowed is quite clear from their mode of life and cringing ways towards their masters. They dare not sell anything without permission from them. As soon as we had cast anchor "Drantheim" came on board. He had shown us the honour of hoisting the Norwegian flag at his camp, whilst on a hillock fluttered a streamer with the word "Vorwärts" on it, the German for "Fram." This important individual is a German, who brings hither our dogs—a lively, gesticulating Teuton, chattering incessantly.

When Herr Drantheim had been "treated," Nansen, Sverdrup, the secretary, and the writer set out to shoot, "view the town," or rather have a look at the dogs. We all carried arms, not because such are necessary here, but because it is a good habit to get into for Arctic *voyageurs* of always carrying their arms. The secretary at once rushed into the chapel to view it, although it seemed a pity to disturb the service (Greek Catholic), which had just commenced, as indicated by the verger having rang a bell outside.

A Congregation of Two.

But no consideration was needed, for the whole congregation consisted only of the priest, the verger, and two Russians. The former read something out in Latin, the verger replied solemnly, but they were held in check by chains about a yard long each dog being tethered separately, as if they can get at each other there is at once a grand fight. However, with kind treatment and "polite" language these dogs can be managed fairly well, and only one made an attempt to eat us by snatching a finger. Herr Drantheim, on this occurring, immediately remarked, "We knew he would." Pity he did not tell us beforehand. But the wound was a trifling one, calling for no Pasteur treatment. In Tromsö we had hired a sloop to take coal for us to Novaya Zemblya. She sailed eight days before us, but at the time of writing she has not arrived here. We shall therefore have to get on as best we may, delay being impossible. We are to heave the coals in the lower hold into the coal boxes at starboard and port quarters, in order to lighten the vessel forward. That will help us in the ice. For fuel we have coal and crude petroleum, and a fair quantity of both.

Yesterday Nansen and Sverdrup went off to reconnoitre the ice in the Jugor Strait, or Schar, in the petroleum launch, and they made the important discovery of a dangerous reef in the middle of the channel, which might, have cost us our ship and lives. There was but little ice in the Kara Sea as far as they could see, and it appeared loose and easy of penetration. And as soon as the boilers have been overhauled, the coals shifted, the dogs got on board, and water taken in, we steam for

The Unknown North.

The petroleum launch, by the way, is an amusing thing. The engine kicks up an awful row, gives a tremendous speed to the boat, but it is of a rebellious and wilful character. It is necessary to be familiar with its "temper" to get much enjoyment out of it. Late at night the explorers returned. They had with them a little seal cub, two handsome white owls and about thirty other birds—namely, geese, ducks, auks, and many other varieties of Arctic wild fowl.

August 2.—"Keine Samojeden zu kriegen, Drantheim?" "Ach gewiss nicht, sie sind alle befassen." This was characteristic. We required some Samoyedes to help us with the coals, &c., but we could obtain none. They were all "befassen," that is, they were dead drunk. This is another pretty trick of the Russians. First they sell them spirits—and what spirits!—at exorbitant prices, and then "have a deal" in furs when these wretched children of nature are dead drunk! For the Samoyedes are like many other savages—they will part with everything for liquor, and the Russians charitably supply them till they are hopelessly overcome, and then delude them of their hard-gotten pelts. At night during the watches we can hear their riot and laughter on shore. The wily Russians drink but little. They watch their prey and take care that no murder is committed during the drunken excesses, for that must not appear in the programme.

August 3.—To-day we have had a regular field-day in getting ready for sea. The boilers are now being fired under, and it remains only to get the dogs on board. We have hired a fresh hand for our dangerous venture. And we now number thirteen! The new comer's name is Bentzen, and he hails from Tromsö. He is a fine fellow, and a bear like Henriksen, but not quite so heavy. I fancy he is a great acquisition to the expedition. This is the last place where letters can be received as far as for the present. But there will soon be another opportunity in the Lena Delta, when more shall follow. Meanwhile, good bye! We are all full of hope for final success.

Dr. Nansen's Plans.

The following are the names of Dr. Nansen's companions:—Captain Otto Sverdrup, ship's master; Sigurd Scott Hansen, lieutenant in the Norwegian navy, and director of the astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic observations; Henrik Blessing, surgeon and botanist; C. Jacobsen, mate; Peder Henriksen, harpooner; Anton Amundsen, chief engineer; Lars Pettersen, second engineer; Hjalmar Johannesen, officer in the Norwegian army, now fireman; Bernhard Nordahl, electrician; Ivan Mogstad, carpenter; and Adolf Juell, steward.

It may be explained that it is Dr. Nansen's plan to attempt to reach the New Siberian Islands, a group of islands north of Siberia, in lat. 75 deg.—80 deg. N., and long. 130 deg.—160 deg. W., whence his theory is that a current sets towards the Pole, and with this and with the same in the pack across or near the cherished point, hoping eventually to come out in the great ice current which flows down along the east coast of Greenland. He is chiefly supported in this theory by the circumstance that several years after the perishing of the unfortunate *Jeanette* expedition off the New Siberian Islands in 1881, a number of articles having belonged to the same were found on icebergs off Greenland, which, it is argued, must have come by the route indicated. But many Arctic authorities dispute the route, and deny the existence of the current referred to. Dr. Nansen received a grant of £500 towards his venturesome voyage from the Royal Geographical Society; otherwise the funds have been furnished by the Norwegian nation. He expects to accomplish his journey in less than five years, for which the expedition is equipped.

Apropos of the current referred to, Dr. Köppen proposes, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, to ascertain its flow by exposing in it, or on icefloes, certain objects which, in due course, should be carried over the Pole into the East Greenland current, and thus find their way to Cape Farewell, on the coast of Massachusetts, just as the *Jeanette*'s remains were carried to the former locality. The movement of this current is considered to emanate from Northern Novaya Zemlya and the New Siberian Islands. Dr. Köppen suggests that for this purpose there should be used strong glass bottles, encased in copper and a layer of tar, containing slips of paper, as well as pieces of hard wood bearing inscriptions nailed upon them. The former have been employed with great success by the Prince of Monaco in the Atlantic. Dr. Köppen particularly recommends his ideas to the attention of American whalers which cruise north of Behring Straits every summer; and if it be true that the steamer *Newport*, of San Francisco, last summer proceeded to within 360 miles of the North Pole in search of whales, as telegraphed this week, the scheme should easily be carried out, and this interesting problem soon solved.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Jam . . . redeunt Saturnia regna: the old Gilbert and Sullivan times "roll round again." This evening at a quarter past eight the curtain at the Savoy Theatre will rise upon the first act of an original comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, entitled "Utopia (Limited); or, the Flowers of Progress." There was a final dress rehearsal of the piece last night, when it was agreed on almost every hand that another brilliant success awaited the distinguished collaborators—that, in a word, the old days are coming back, and the Savoy will now be itself again. At the close of last night's representation Mr. Gilbert, addressing the company on the stage in a brief speech, referred to his great debt to them "for the thirteenth time in this theatre." He was followed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who acknowledged that if the opera should prove a great success, "as all hoped it would," the result would be due in great part to their unremitting exertions at many a long and arduous rehearsal.

On and after Monday the performance of Mr. Grundy's new play, "Sowing the Wind," at the Comedy, will commence at 8.30, and will be preceded by a new comedietta by Mr. Paul Hookham, entitled, "In Strict Confidence," in which Mr. T. Lovell, Mr. J. Byron, and Miss Lena Ashwell will appear.

Before the curtain rose on the second performance of "Sowing the Wind," Mr. Sydney Grundy had received, either by cable or through his English representative, offers from no fewer than a dozen of the leading Transatlantic managers, including Mr. Augustin Daly, Mr. Dan Frohman, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Samuel French, for the American rights of his latest success.

Mr. Edward Terry has returned to London from Australia, but he will not be seen at his little theatre in the Strand for several months to come, an extensive provincial tour having been booked for him in his absence. Meanwhile Terry's Theatre has been taken by Miss Janette Steer, who will open on Wednesday next with "A Modern American Bride," a piece written by Lawrence Olde and Maurice Noel. In addition to Miss Steer herself, Mr. Waring, Mr. G. R. Foss, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Hamilton Piffard, Mr. Richard Blunt, Mr. Robson Lambert, Mr. J. A. Welch, Miss Henrietta Lindley, Miss Day Forde, and Miss Olga Brandon will be in the company. "Lawrence Olde" is the *nom de plume* of Sir William Young, whose name appears on the bill of the matinée at the Lyric Theatre in May last year, when Miss Steer first produced the piece. Mr. Charles Terry is to be business-manager.

At the City of London College, next Thursday evening, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will deliver the inaugural address, with the Rev. Prebendary Whittington, M.A., in the chair. The subject is to be "The Relation of the Drama to Education."

Preparations for the pantomime season have already begun. Among the prominent features of "Robinson Crusoe" at Drury Lane, will be a splendid procession illustrating the history of England. This will occupy about twenty minutes. The cast of Sir Augustus Harris's 1893-4 pantomime will include Miss Ada Blanche, Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. Dan Leno, and Mr. Herbert Campbell. Mr. Oscar Barrett's cast of "Cinderella," at the Lyceum Theatre will comprise, in addition to Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Victor Stevens, Mr. Charles Lauri, Miss Alice Brookes, and little Minnie Terry. Messrs. Hawes Craven and Henry Emden have made the scenes responsible for the scenery. Much of it, unfortunately, was burned last Thursday; but energy and pluck will accomplish a great deal, and already the work of again preparing and painting new scenery to take its place is far advanced.

"Charley's Aunt" is "going strong" at the Globe Theatre, and Mr. Dana's face is "all smiles," inasmuch as he is called upon every night to put out the "full house" boards. The piece would appear to be in for a phenomenally long run.

The date for the production of "Little Christopher Columbus," by Messrs. G. R. Sims, Cecil Raleigh, and Ivan Caryll, at the Lyric has been altered from to-night to Tuesday next. This new arrangement will prevent any clashing with the Savoy opera.

Sir Augustus Harris has been in negotiation with the Duke of Bedford's agent respecting a fresh lease for seven years of Drury-lane Theatre. Yesterday he received a definite proposal embodying the conditions under which the Duke was prepared to grant a new lease of the property. It is said that the conditions are such that there is little doubt that Sir Augustus Harris will be able to accept them. The term is limited to seven years, inasmuch as the County Council's plans for the alteration of the neighbourhood are not yet matured.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment will reopen at St. George's Hall on Monday with "An Odd Pair," by Messrs. Malcolm Watson and A. J. Caldicott; Mr. Corney Grain's sketch, "Piano on Tour," and the musical trifle "Box B."

Morning Performances To-day.—Court—"The Other Fellow," 3. Criterion—"La Fille de Madame Angot," 3. Daly's—"The Foresters," 2. Drury Lane—"A Life of Pleasure," 2.30. Gaiety—"La Mascotte," 2. Globe—"Charley's Aunt," 3. Haymarket—"The Tempter," 2. Shaftesbury—"Morocco Bound," 2.30. Strand—"A Modern Don Quixote," 2.30.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, Subscribers, or Purchasers who may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

DEAN HOLE ON OYSTERS AND RACING.

THE OYSTER FEAST AT COLCHESTER.

A BRILLIANT CELEBRATION.

From time immemorial the borough of Colchester has done homage to the oyster. Before it possessed the mace which now precedes the mayor wherever he goes, the corporation kept a goodly assortment of oyster knives at the Moot Hall, as the records of that hall bear witness; and while the animals owning the fur now decorating the mayoral robes wore their skins whole, the gaol-keeper, who had charge of the said Moot Hall, kept "oyster-cloths" and other paraphernalia necessary for the preparation of an oyster feast. The annual oyster feast was held yesteday, and the institution was never celebrated more happily. Within an hour or thereabouts ten thousand oysters had been washed down by many hundreds of bottles of Chablis and many gallons of stout. Neither an Afghan nor a Zulu war ever saw natives disposed of so ruthlessly as the assembled guests put down those thousands of Colchester natives. The function, which is now so extensive and important an affair, had a very small beginning. It seemed to have originated with the outings of the Corporation to hold its annual court of jurisdiction for the River Colne at the "Blockhouse," and to close the fishery. Colchester history is aware the

Corporation Made Many Presents of Oysters

to distinguished persons, generally with a view to favours to come. For instance it was considered quite correct, when the corporation had a case on at the assize at Chelmsford, to forward a liberal supply of oysters for the judges and for the clerk of assize. These gifts often cost the borough considerable sums for conveyance, for they were usually despatched by special messengers, and even when not sent in this way the carriage seems to have been costly. It is plain, however, that the corporation bought oysters not merely as presents, but for their own consumption, for large quantities were supplied, from time to time, in addition to those duly specified at having been sent away. In 1659 (Oct. 3) there is a bill:—

Paid for 2 wholes of oysters for Sir Henry Mildmay, 12s., and for horse and man to Bricklesea for oysters upon the election day for Sargeants &c.

Even as recently as 1833 the feast was on a very moderate scale, as the following receipted bill, filed in the borough accounts, testifies:—

Colchester to C. Harvey, Gaol Keeper.

1883, Oct. 21. Providing for Mayor and the Corporation taking Oysters:

Mr. Dennis for bread and butter	2s. 1d.
Mr. Forster's Bill for cheese, 10 lbs.	8s. 1½d.
Mr. Humphrey's Bill for glasses broken	3s. 10½d.
Beer and Porter for Corporation	10s. 0d.
Paid for carriage for oysters from Bt'sea	0s. 6d.
Paid 2 men for opening oysters for Corporation	3s. 0d.
Vinegar, Pepper, &c.	1s. 6d.

But now the spread is most elaborate. Yesterday some three hundred guests assembled in the Corn Exchange, which was most elaborately decorated with bunting, stars, anchors, and other implements of the oyster fishery, and right and left of him sat H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Mayor Knill, Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Forrest Fulton, Q.C., Sir John Gorst, Q.C., M.P., Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., Mr. William Birt (general manager of the Great Eastern Railway), Mr. Round, M.P., and Captain Naylor Leyland, M.P. The Dean of Rochester, too, who might have been enjoying himself at the Church Congress, had with a rare exhibition of self-restraint

Torn Himself Away From the Attraction

in order to put in an appearance at this oyster feed; and there was one other gentleman upon whom all eyes were turned. This was Mr. G. A. Sala. He had come down with the reputation of a connoisseur, and Colchester watched with agitation to learn his verdict upon the Colchester native. Mr. Sala had brought down a nice white waistcoat under which to deposit the oysters, and it was with eagerness that the residents in Mr. Sala saw him pull towards himself the plate containing his first dozen. He opened them critically, not to say captiously. He tasted one, and a look of pleased surprise spread itself over his rubicund countenance. He tried another, winked at the remainder with unqualified delight, and set steadily to work without any further preamble. The Chairman, who had seen the reputation of their native hovering in the balance, breathed freely; and the Mayor, who had been talking in a pre-occupied way to the Duke of Cambridge, and endeavouring to throw glances in Mr. Sala's direction, received the whispered communication of one of the town officials, and settled down without a further care in the world to enjoy the feast. In the meantime several onlookers had assembled in the vestibule, and among them was the Mayoress. Her ladyship was excited, and being unable to get a good view of the Duke, eagerly asked a constable standing near to lift her up. The policeman seizing her ladyship by the waist, lifted her to his stalwart shoulder, and while her beautiful flaxen hair covered his face, her ladyship's legs dangled on his manly breast. Perhaps it ought to be stated before going further that the Mayoress is

A Sweet Little Girl of about Eight

years of age. The Mayor, who is an editor, is a widower, and his little daughter is his Mayoress.

The toast list produced some really excellent little speeches. Lord Claud Hamilton, in proposing "The Army," struck a fortunate note when he accounted for the Duke of Cambridge's residence at Colchester by which every one (excepting, probably, Dean Hole) had heard, namely, Newmarket, on the ground that the vicinity was well adapted for cavalry exercises. The Duke in replying said unhesitatingly that he was fond of sport, and that he did have a penchant for Newmarket. He considered that manly sports and an occasional fall over a fence made a man active and efficient when emergencies arose, while the mere bookworm was but a poor creature to rely upon at times. H.R.H. also said he was well aware that the military feeling was not so strong in England as on the Continent, where the conscription prevailed; but he firmly believed good feeling and cordiality between soldiers and civilians was more prevalent in this country than elsewhere. It was an age of criticism, and the military authorities, like all authorities, came in for their share; but while the army did all it could, if it failed in any particular the fault was more with the taxpayer than with the force, because they had to cut their coat according to their cloth. In the hour of danger he was sure the British army would prove to be all it ought to be. The witty Dean of Rochester, of course, made the best speech of the day. He had to respond for "The Bishops and Clergy," and he first took the opportunity to refer to his imputed ignorance of Newmarket. There was, he said, no man in England fonder of the horse than he, especially in the vicinity to a pack of hounds. For fifty years he had tried to keep up that contiguity as well as a heavy man could. He had no objection either, and, in fact,

He Had a Liking for Racing.

It he had his way he should like certain days set apart in England for the working man to go and see good racing. It was not the quadruped, it was not the four legs of those beautiful animals to which he objected. It was the biped with two legs to whom he objected. If only racecourses could be swept of their degrading associations the very first man to go and see racing would be the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester. But to-day they had met to enjoy roses and oysters. "What is fairer than a rose?" George Herbert asked, and nobody had answered him.

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

but there was nothing out of all the treasures of the deep to compare with the oyster. Cleopatra might drink pearls in her cup, but here in Colchester they consumed not pearls, but the mothers of pearls. Alas! that the pleasure should be as rare as it was precious. He could recall the time

When the Oyster was so Plentiful

that the shells strewed the streets; and yet people talked of the world's progress. He would not listen to the gains of civilization and science, or to assertions about the march of intellect. No country could be great, no nation could be happy, with oysters at *5d.* a piece. He did not wonder camp, by the side of the productive Colne, had chosen Colchester for his Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, had in turn flocked to Colchester. Well theology and other "ologies," but there was one "ology" concerning which shell—conchology. After this brilliant little speech, delivered in the Dean's best manner, speakers found it difficult to follow in effect. Sir John Gorst scored, however. He said that in the absence of Lord Rendlesham he had to respond on behalf of both Houses of Parliament, the Upper House, and the—popular House, he was on the point of saying, but as many might not concur in that description of it, and as there was a salutary rule against the introduction of politics, he would suppress the adjective. After all the labours of the past session, the House of Commons shell; but he hoped that when they reassembled some of the questions upon which the welfare of the people depended might engage the attention—the belated attention—of Parliament.

CITY NOTES.

INSIDE VERSUS OUTSIDE BROKERS.

The sword of Damocles is overhanging the devoted heads of the "bucket shop" fraternity. Not much longer shall the cheerful click of the tape machine —that engine of gambling—be heard in the halls of the sportive outside broker. A petition has been extensively signed by brokers and jobbers in the Stock Exchange praying the Committee to use their influence with the directors of the Exchange Telegraph Company to limit the supply of their tape machines to members of the House and to such banks, newspaper offices, and institutions as the Committee may be satisfied will not attempt to use the information supplied for the purposes of dealing. It is thought that a great deal of business is being diverted from the Stock Exchange by the numerous "bucket-shops" now existing which, by means of the tape, are able to use the quotations resulting from dealings taking place in the House. A very strong feeling exists against allowing these competitors the use of information obtained gratuitously from the Stock Exchange with which they are in active competition. The Committee have the power, if they care to exercise it, of refusing admission to the operator who sends off the prices, and by this means they can severely handicap the Company, which, however, it is hoped will consent to withdraw its tape machines from the offices of the outside brokers complained of. Should the company refuse to do so, however, it is the generally expressed intention of members of the House using the tape to discontinue it for the future. But outside brokers can scarcely do without it. In short, a nice little storm is brewing.

CONTRACT STORIES.

They are the old, old ones. As may be judged from what we said a day or two ago Mr. Lionel Carden's report on the trade of Mexico is, on the whole, an excellent one, but we most heartily disagree with him in the view he takes of contracts. He tells two stories of something attempted and not done. In the great work of the drainage of the Valley of Mexico difficulties have naturally arisen. Messrs. Read and Campbell had a contract, but found that, owing to the unexpected amount of water which was cut in making the tunnel, the cost per lineal metre averaged 475 dols., or about £73, a sum very much in excess of the contract price, and seeing what a heavy loss they were working at, the committee agreed to rescind the contract with Messrs. Read and Campbell. The whole tunnel was originally estimated to cost approximately 2,350,000 dols. (£361,538), but will probably really cost about 50 per cent. in excess of this. So much for the tunnel. A canal is also included in the drainage scheme, and there is a story almost similar in connection with this. When the contract for making the canal was concluded with Messrs. Pearson and Son in 1889, the cost was estimated at about 6,500,000 dols (£1,000,000). Under this contract a sum of approximately 5,000,000 dols. has been already spent, and 3,087,632 dols. (£475,020) more will be required to complete it.

These are statements of fact which Mr. Carden makes in his report. What we cannot agree with is his comment on the whole affair. "In view of the innumerable difficulties," he says, "which it is impossible in practice to anticipate in dealing with an enterprise of such magnitude (comprising as it does more than 6 miles of tunnel and 30 miles of canal), an under-estimate of cost of one-third of the total amount cannot be considered to be excessive." Most people we think, except perhaps the contractors, will think it ridiculously excessive. If an estimate cannot be made more correctly than this, what is the use of making an estimate at all? With all due apologies to contractors in general, we venture to state that the manner in which the contract system is abused is nothing less than disgraceful to their profession. This Mexican affair is a drop in the ocean—we should not trouble to refer to it were it not a sample of what is constantly happening all over the world. The last flagrant instance in this country was in connection with the Manchester Ship Canal. The rule seems to be that if contractors can make a big profit out of the business they undertake, nothing is said of the matter. But do they stand to lose, the whole agreement must immediately be rescinded. If the work undertaken is uncertain, the contract price should obviously include a margin for that uncertainty, or the contractor should confess his inability to estimate. It is time this farce of entering into contracts which are binding only on one party was put a stop to.

REAL ESTATE.

Exclusive of certain shares in Metropolitan music halls that were sold on Wednesday, which are not included in the official returns, the amount realized at Tokenhouse Yard this week was £33,400. There is nothing exceptional in the total at this time of year, but it is not often that the demand has kept up so well with the supply. Bidding was above the average for residential property in the suburbs, but the one or two lots from the City and West-end excited little or no competition. In the country there seems every desire on the part of investors to put their money in bricks and mortar, but, in the Eastern counties at all events, it seems waste of time to offer agricultural land for sale. Twelve and thirteen pounds an acre was all that could be obtained during the week for farms in Essex and Lincolnshire that some years ago would have readily fetched twice the amount. The Great Oakley Estate, near Dovercourt, Essex, comprising family residence, usual farm buildings, and 594 acres, was put up to auction yesterday, but the highest bid that could be obtained was £8,000. This property was purchased early in the century for £13,000, and forty years ago was valued at £28,000. In other counties, however, the results attending land sales have been much more satisfactory, a farm in Yorkshire selling at £48 an acre; and another, the Little Mill Farm, in the Marden district of Kent, being readily disposed of at over £30 an acre. Licensed premises, including a well-known hotel in Hastings, and an historic hostelry in Hull, fetched good prices. For a wonder there is no important sale by private contract to chronicle this week. It is well-known that a few are on the point of being declared, but there is many a slip between being on the point of selling one's property and having it actually sold.

TO-DAY'S CITY WEEKLIES.

The *Statist*, in its to-day's issue, recommends its readers not to take too literally the official telegrams from Buenos Ayres announcing the complete suppression of the political disturbances; and it points out that while the rise in Uruguay bonds is ascribed to calculations that the revenue collections are adequate to requirements, it is difficult to gather from the returns that are made public how this calculation is arrived at. Dealing at length with the relations between the Bank of England and the joint-stock banks the journal expresses the opinion that the proper course would be for the joint-stock banks to regulate by the real value of money in the open market the rates they allow upon deposits, and to keep for themselves a cash reserve quite independent of that held by the Bank of England. The *Statist* discusses the probabilities of an agreement being arrived at in the International Monetary Conference, which it assumes President Cleveland is about to call. It thinks there is a good chance of an arrangement being arrived at if the United States and the nations of the Latin Union will not insist upon the United Kingdom entering into every stipulation which they make among themselves. The *Economist*, discussing the revenue returns, says that it is far more probable that the revenue will continue to dwindle than that it will now begin to make up lost ground, and the outlook, consequently, is for a rather heavy deficiency—a million or so at least—at the close of the year. In an article on the prices of commodities, the journal publishes its index-number, showing that the trend of general prices has been towards recovery during the past quarter. On January 1, this year, the number was 2,121; on April 1, 2,137; on July 1, 2,105; and on October 1, 2,133. The *Railway News* has an article on the past quarter's railway traffic, showing the effect of the strike, and in the course of a painstaking analysis of the New York Central report, says it thinks it is to be regretted that one or two particulars given by most American companies, especially with regard to the running of trains, and the number of passengers and tons carried, are not stated in the reports of our home railways, and cannot be obtained otherwise. The journal has a good deal to say as to the withdrawal of the club train by the Chatham company, which it is understood was losing at the rate of £20,000 a year by running it. *Transport* continues its series of articles on railway rates and State control.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Twelve o'clock.

BRIGHT SATURDAY IN LONDON.—YACHTING AT NEW YORK

THE MONEY MARKET.

The announcement of the issue of Treasury Bills has had little palpable effect upon the market. It means that a million may be taken from the floating funds, but these are large, and besides it is many days before the bills will have to be taken up. Nevertheless, there is at last a slight hardness in the tone of the discount market, which betokens that people are awakening to the fact that the present ease is only temporary. For the present, however, it exists, and the demand for short loans to-day has been quieter and the rates lower than ever.

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 3 per cent.:—

Loans.		Deposits.		Two Months.		Three Months.	Four Months.	Six Months.
Day...	½ 1	Banks	1½	Fine Bills	1⅛	1⅛	1¼	2
7 Day	¾ 1	Dsct Hses	1&1½	Trade Bills	2¼	2¼	2¼	2½

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Next Contango Day.	Ticket Day.	Pay Day.	Consols Pay Day.
Wednesday, Oct. 11.	Thursday, Oct. 12.	Friday, Oct. 13.	Thursday, Nov. 2.

Little was expected of business to-day, it being a Saturday in the midst of dull times, and certainly nothing has occurred to traverse the expectation. It may be noted, by the way, that the holidays of the Stock Exchange are extending far later this year than is usual, for members are attracted to the country by the brightness of the weather, and repelled from London by the dulness of business. Consols to-day have relapsed a little in spite of the continued cheapness of money, but Colonial Government securities are again firm. Like Victoria, New South Wales seems inclined to follow up her market success with a little supplementary borrowing. The Home Railway market has been irregular and quite without feature. Among Foreigners Argentine securities are again up and Greeks are again weak. Considerable support continues to be given to Argentine Railway securities, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern are up a couple of points on the issue of the annual report. Mexican Seconds, which have recently been engineered up, have lost a point to-day. The American Railroad market is irregular. For one thing New York is neglecting railroad speculation in favour of yacht speculation. Louisvilles, however, still give way. The mining market has not been quite so firm as it was yesterday and the day before, but there are some advances, as in the case of City and Suburban.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
£ s.	**BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.**			
2 13	C'nsols (2¾) Mny	−⅛	98	⅛
2 13	Do. Account ...		98⅛	¼
2 12	New2¾perCents.		96¾	⅞
2 10	Local LoansStock		103¼	¾
3 19	India3½perCents		107¼	¾
3 1	Do.3 perCents....		97¼	¾
3 19	Do.4 perCent.Rs.		65⅜	⅝
2 19	BankofEglandSt.		330	3
2 18	Mt.Bd.Wks.3 p.c.		103	4
3 0	Birm'gh'm 3½ p.c.		114	15
3 0	Liverpool 3½ p.c.		116	17
	COLONIAL SECURITIES.			
3 12	Canada 4 p.c. Reg		103	8
3 5	Do. 3 p. c. Reg.	+¼	93½	4
3 9	Cape 3½ p.c.C.In.		100¼	1¼
3 14	Natal 3½ p.c. Ins.		96¼	7¼
3 16	N.S.W. 4 p.c. 1933	+¼	100¼	1¼
4 1	„ 3½ 1924		101¼	2¼
3 16	N'wZlnd4p.c.Cns		104	½
4 1	Qu'nsl'nd4p.c.Ins		99½	100½
3 17	S.Asth.4 p.c.R'g.		102	½
4 0	Victoria 4 p.c. 1885		98	9
4 1	Do. 3½ p. c.......		89¼	¾
	BRITISH RAILWAYS.			
4 2	Brighton Ord. ...		165	7
4 16	Do. A.........	+⅛	147⅛	⅝
3 14	Caledonian		112¾	13¼
3 9	„ Defer.......		32¾	½
nil.	Chatham Ord. ...		13⅞	14⅛
3 9	Do. Pref.........		95¾	6¼
2 17	Great Eastern ...		75⅞	6⅛
4 8	Gt. Nth.Ord. Def.		52	3
4 3	Do. A		53	5
3 12	Great Western ...		153¼	4¼
...	HullandBarnsley		26¼	7¼
3 10	Lanc. and York...		105	6
3 17	Met. Consolidted.		81	½
nil.	Met. District	+⅛	25¼	6
3 17	Midland		150¼	1¼
3 17	North Brit Pref.	−⅛	70½	¾
...	Do. Def.	−⅛	32⅛	⅜
3 15	North Eastern ...	+⅛	155⅛	⅜
3 14	North Stafford ...		123	5
3 18	North Western...		164¾	5¼
2 12	Sheffield		55	7
nil.	Do. A............		24¼	5¼
3 13	South Eastern ...		113	15
2 16	Do. Deferred...	−⅛	69⅛	⅝
3 10	South Western...		181	3
3 2	Do. Deferred...		65½	6½
3 6	Do. Preferred...		121	3
	FOREIGN STOCKS.			
7 18	Argntin.5 p.c.1886	+½	62¼	3¼
9 2	Do.6 p.c.Fund g	+¼	65¾	6¼
...	Do. Cedulas A		29¼	
...	Do. „ B		26¾	7¼
6 19	Brazilian 4½ 1883	−½	63½	4½
6 8	Do. 1889		59¾	¾
...	B.Ayres 6 p.c.1883		26	8
...	„ Cedulas I ...		6⅜	⅞
...	„ „ P...		6½	¾
6 16	Bulgarian		91	3
5 17	Chilian 1883.........	−½	77	8
nil.	Colombian		17	18
10 11	Costa Rica A		55	7
11 18	„ B		53	5
12 5	Ecuador, New ...	+½	36	7
4 19	Egypt State Dom.		103¼	¾
4 1	Do. Unified......	+⅛	102	¼
4 0	Do. New Daira	+½	102½	3½
3 15	Do. New 3½p.c.	−¼	96½	¾
3 1	French 3p.c.R'nt's		97¼	¾
4 7	Do. 4½p.c.R'nt's		105	4
...	Greek 5 p.c. 1881...	−½	34½	5½
...	Do. 5 p.c. 1884...	−½	33	4
9 15	Do. 4p.c.Mon...	−½	37	8
...	Do.4p.c.Rts1889	−½	24½	5½
8 18	Guatemala 4p.c....		44	5
nil.	Honduras		5¼	¾
4 7	Hung.G'old R'nt's		92¾	3¾
5 5	Italian Fives		82⅜	⅝
10 10	Mexican 3 p.c.1883		61¼	¾
nil.	Peruv. Cor.........		6⅜	⅝
11 3	Do. Preference		21	½
9 5	Do. Debentures		62½	3½
...	P'rt'guese Threes		21¾	½
4 1	Russian 4 p.c. 1889		98½	9
6 5	Spanish 4 p.c. ...		63⅜	½
4 17	Transvaal	+¼	104½	5
4 16	Turkish 1854		103⅛	4½
1 17	Conv. A.		54¼	5¼
3 1	Do. B...............		34¼	¾
4 9	Do. D...............	+⅛	22⅛	⅛
4 8	4½ p.c. 1871......		100	½
4 4	Do. Defence '91	+¼	93	½
...	Urugy.Cn.3½ p.c.		34½	5
8 11	Venezuela		36½	7¼
	COL. AND FOR. RAILWAYS.			
nil.	B.Ayres&Rosario		56	59
5 0	Do. Gt. Sthrn.	+2	109	11
nil.	Argentine Cenrl.		60	2
...	Do. N.E. Deb.		18	21
...	Do. East		30	34
6 9	Canadian Pacific.	+⅛	77½	8
nil.	Grand Trk. Ord.		7½	¾
nil.	Do. 1st Pref....	+¼	51¼	¾
nil.	Do. 2nd Pref...		33¼	¾
nil.	Do. 3rd Pref...	+⅛	18¾	19¼
5 5	Do. Guarantd.		67	½
nil.	Mexican Ord.......		15	½
4 4	Do. 1st Pref...		67¼	¾
nil.	Do. 2nd Pref..	−1	48	8
8 0	Mexican Central.		53½	4½
...	Mex. Nat. A.		23	3
15 12	Nitrate Railways	−⅛	13¼	14

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
£ s.	**AMERICAN RAILROADS.**			
...	Atchison Shares.		19⅞	20⅛
...	Do. Incomes ...		42	½ x d
8 15	Cent. Pacific Sh..		20¼	½
6 11	Chic. Mil. & St. P.	+⅛	61½	¾
nil.	Dnvr. & R. Grand		10	¼
...	Do. Pref.		30	½
nil.	Erie	+⅛	14¼	15
7 18	Do. 2nd Mort....		73	74
...	Do. Pref.		29	31
5 4	Illinois Shares ...		95	6
4 16	Lake Shore.........		124½	5½
7 0	Louis and Nash. .	−⅜	50½	¾
...	Miss. K. & Texas		11½	¾
4 16	N. Y. Central Sh.		105	6
nil.	N. Y. Ontario......		15¼	½
...	Norfolk W. Pref.		22½	3
...	North Pacific Pf..	−½	20¾	1¼
nil.	Ohio and Miss....		16¾	¾
5 2	Pennsylvania Sh.	+⅛	51¾	2
nil.	Phil. & Read. Sh.	+⅛	9½	¾
...	1st Incomes......		31½	32½
...	4 p.c. Gold Bds.		69	71
nil.	Union Pacific Sh.	+⅛	19½	¾
nil.	Wabash Pref.......		15½	16
nil.	Do. 6 p.c. Deb.		25½	6½
	TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.			
5 8	Anglo-American .		50	51
5 8	Brazil Submarine		11⅜	⅞
6 1	Direct U. States..		11⅜	⅞
4 7	Eastern..............		15	¼
4 12	Eastern Extensn.		15¼	½
5 11	National Telephn		4⅝	¾
5 6	Tel. Constrn.		32	4
	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.			
6 2	Brush		2⅝	3
5 6	Gas Light Coke A		227	30
5 2	Imperial Cont. ...		232	7
5 6	S. Metropolitan...		304	8
4 14	Do. B......		250	53
6 8	Met. Electric ..		6¾	7¼
4 15	Do. 5 p.c. Deb. ...		104	7
	MINING AND LAND.			
...	Bechuanaland ...		11/6	13/6
37 15	Broken HillProp.		2½	⅝
...	Bultfontein N. E.		3/0	4/0
...	Burma Ruby		3/	4/
11 15	Cape Copper		1⅛	¼
...	Char. S. Africa ...		24/0	25/0
5 0	City & Suburban.	+½	10⅜	⅞
...	Cons. G.F.S.Af'ca	−1-16	1 1-16	3-16
7 5	Crown Reef	+⅛	7⅜	8⅛
8 1	De Beers............	−⅛	15 1-16	3-16
9 12	Durban Rood'p'rt		4 1-16	3-16
...	Exploring Co. ...		4	¼
4 9	Geldenhuis		4 1-16	3-16
...	Gordon Diamond.		2/6	3/6
...	Jagersfontein......		15⅛	⅝
...	Jubilee		6⅞	7⅛
4 13	Jumper's Gold ...		2½	¾
...	Kimberly Diamnd		1 1-16	3-16
6 16	Langlaagte	−⅛	2⅞	3⅛
5 13	Mason and Barry		1½	¾
...	Mozambique		1 1-16	3-16
14 4	Mysore Gold		3 1-16	3-16
nil.	Namaqua		¾	1
...	Oceana Land		2 1-16	3-16
11 12	Ooregum Gold ...		4 1-16	3-16
...	Read's Drift		½	⅝
5 7	Rio Tinto...........		13 1-16	3-16
5 0	Robinson...........		4	¼
...	Seven Stars		¾	1
...	Do. (Gtd.)		1¼	½
...	Silati River.........		1/6	2/0
11 2	Simmer and Jack		3⅞	4⅛
10 10	S. A. Exploration		8¾	9¼
...	Sheba		15/0	16/0
6 15	Tharsis...............		4⅝	⅞
...	TransvaalDevelp.		7/0	8/0
...	Do. Land...		4/0	5/0
...	Wemmer		4½	¾
...	Wentworth Pr. ...	+1-32	⅞	1-16
nil.	Do. Ord..	+0/3	9/0	10/0
...	CA&Zoutpansbrg		2/3	3/0
	MISCELLANEOUS			
3 18	Aërated Bread ...		7¼	8
nil.	Allsopps	+½	48	9
6 10	Do. Pref. ...		99½	100½
6 16	Bk. of Australasia		52	4
7 19	Bk.of N.S. Wales.		39	41
...	Bell's Asbestos...		3¼	4
5 19	Bryant and May..		14⅞	15⅛
6 8	Coats Ord.		15⅜	⅝
4 2	Do. Pref.........		14½	¾
nil.	E. & W. India Dk.		18	20
nil.	Eastman's Ord....		3⅜	⅝
nil.	Elmore's Copper.		⅞	⅞
...	Fraser&Chalmrs.		1	¼
6 9	Gordon Hotels ...		15⅛	⅜
4 11	Guinness & Co. ...		334	6
nil.	Ham'nd's Meat ...		2⅛	⅝
nil.	Hotchkiss		⅝	⅞
4 0	Hudson's Bay ...		13½	14
5 15	Lond. & St.K.Dk.		43	5
nil.	Maxim-N'rd'nlt.		¼	½
...	Pears		5½	6
5 10	P. & O. Steam D.		182	6
nil.	Primitiva Nitrate		4⅛	⅜
2 5	Rail. Invest. Def.		15	16
6 15	Ryl. Mail Steam..		47	50
23 14	St. Louis Brew...		2½	3
.	Salt Union Shres		3⅛	⅜
nil.	San Donato.........		1¼	¾
12 10	San Jorge		5⅛	⅜
14 0	San Pablo		3½	¾
7 18	S.Afric.Gld. Trst.		14/3	15/6
5 14	Spratt's Patent ...		8¼	¾
3 15	Suez Canal		105	7
...	Trustees Exctors		5½	4½ dis
5 16	Union Bk.of Aust.		41	3

Yield. £ s.	*Govt., Corpn., &c.*	Price.
2 16	Egyptn. Gtd.......	102¼
3 4	Leeds 4 p.c.	115
3 1	Manchester 4 p.c.	131
3 13	Ceylon 4 p.c. Ins.	112
	Home Rails.	
2 19	Caledon 4 Deb. .	137
3 0	Do. 4 Pre .	131
3 0	Gt. Eastn. 4 Deb.	133
2 16	Gt. Northn. 3 Deb.	102
3 1	Do. 4p.c. Per. Pr..	130
3 2	Gt. Wstn. Guar. 5	164
2 19	Lan.&Yrk. 4 Deb.	134
3 1	Do Cons. 4 Pref.	129
2 18	Lnd.&N.W.4 Db.	138
3 0	Do. 4 Cons. Pref.	132
2 18	Ldn&S.W.B4Db.	137
3 0	Do. Cons. 4 Pref.	131
3 1	Ldn. Brtn. 4½ Db.	150
3 6	LdnCht4½PerDb	142
19	Midland 3 Deb....	103
3 1	Do. 4 Perp. Pref...	130
2 19	N. Eastern 4 Deb.	134
3 2	Do. 4 Pref.	129

Yield. £ s	*American Bonds.*	Price.
3 17	Illinois 4 p.c. Gold	103
4 13	Louisville 5 p.c. G.	103
5 5	Mis. Kan. Tex. 4 G.	77½
3 14	N.Y. Cent. 4 p.c. G	104
3 2	N.Y. Erie, 1 C. 1920	151
3 12	Penns 4½ Gold ...	114
	Indian Railways.	
3 12	Bengal Nag Gtd.	113½
3 13	Bom. Bar. 5 Gtd.	191½
3 2	Gt. Ind. Pen 4 Deb.	128½
3 8	Madras 5 p.c. Gtd.	143½
	Banks	
6 11	Bk of New Zealand	4¼
5 8	City Bank	19
5 0	Lloyds	25½
4 10	London & County	85
4 3	London & Westr.	55½
4 13	London Joint Stk.	31½
4 7	National Prov. ...	49
4 18	Parrs & Alliance	72
5 19	Prov. of Ireland...	21½
4 14	Union of London	32½

Yield. £ s.	*Miscellaneous.*	Price.
4 4	Alliance Assur. ...	9¼
4 4	Allsopp 4½ Debs.	101
3 13	Bass 4½ Deb. ...	121
3 17	Chelsea Wtrwks.	250½
4 0	Coats 4½ Deb. ...	114
4 0	E.&W.Ind. DkDb	96½
3 17	East London Watr	215½
7 8	England Assur. ...	3¼
5 17	Fn. & Cl. Inv. D.	9½
3 12	Guinness 5 Deb.	122
4 2	Lambeth Water...	241½
3 9	L. St. K Dk 4 pc Db.	117
3 19	London Gen. Om.	151½
4 5	London Road Car	6
4 0	Mn. Ship Can. 4 Db	100
3 14	New River New	327½
2 15	N. British & Merc.	34
6 17	N. Metro. Trams.	11
4 14	Norwich Un. Fire	96
4 3	Sth.&Vxhll. Watr	151½
4 15	Sun Fire	8½
3 18	W. Middlesex Wtr	230½

THE SILVER DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS.

Advices from Washington, according to the *Times* Philadelphia correspondent, state that Senator Voorhees has telegraphed to absent senators who are in favour of the Silver Purchase Repeal Bill to be present in the Senate next Tuesday when a movement will begin to force a vote.

It appears that the debate will be continued until Wednesday, when Senator Voorhees will probably endeavour to get the Senate to sit continuously, though some doubts are expressed as to whether he can command a quorum.

The Silver senators are preparing for the conflict, and have arranged for successive parties of three senators each to remain on duty for a given number of hours, when reliefs will be provided. They say that they will compel Senator Voorhees to keep a quorum always in the Senate.

A compromise is still talked of. Thirty-nine senators are reported to be in favour of some kind of compromise, but its form is not yet indicated.

MORE NEW SOUTH WALES BORROWING.

SYDNEY, Oct. 6.—The issue has been authorized of a further instalment of £500,000 of the Four per Cent. Colonial Funded Loan of £3,000,000. This will bring the total amount issued up to £2,000,000, leaving £1,000,000 to be subscribed at a future date.

OPENING UP TRADE WITH SIBERIA.

With reference to the carrying out of the plan for conveying railway material through the Kara Sea and up the Yenesei into Siberia, the *Novoe Vremya* (according to Lloyd's advices) reports that the vessels had made the distance between Vardo Island and the mouth of the Yenesei in 13 days, and no icebergs were encountered in the Kara Sea. On September 19 the three Russian steamers built for the navigation of the Yenesei proceeded on their voyage for Krassnojersk, and they hoped to get there by October 13. The vessels experienced a terrific gale at the mouth of the Yenesei, whereby three craft carrying rails were driven ashore and broken up.

NO INCOME TAX FOR TASMANIA.

The amendment of the Opposition in the House of Assembly to the Income Tax Bill, that it be read a third time this day six months, was adopted to-day. The defeat of the Government will probably lead to a Ministerial crisis.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PRODUCE SEASON.

The opening wool sale of the season took place at Adelaide yesterday. Out of 8,819 bales offered, 8,229 pounds were sold. The bidding was brisk, and prices well maintained. The next sales will be on the 9th inst., when it is expected that 7,000 bales will be offered. Fair shipments of wool have been made for the November sales in London. The lambing has proved satisfactory. The general crop prospects in South Australia continue good, and give promise of an abundant harvest. The weather is very favourable. Wheat shipments will commence early in December. Old stocks are almost exhausted.

Owing to the low prices of copper it is proposed to reduce wages, or else to shut down the Wallaroo mines in South Australia.

The bill introduced by the South Australian Government, providing for the granting of bonuses to butter exporters, has passed Parliament. The first shipment has been made by the Orient Line steamer *Oruba*, which left Adelaide on the 4th inst.

"LETTERS ON LIFE ASSURANCE."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—An error seems to have crept into my letter published in your issue of to-day. The note referring to class 3 should read, "In this class the only form that *here* has a fixed period is on the endowment plan," the practice in England being not to fix a period of reversion during life except in endowment policies. On the other hand, in American policies, of whatever nature, it is usual to fix a period for reversion during life, which occurs at the maturity of the distribution period.

Forest-hill, Oct. 6. GAUTIER DE STE. CROIX.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 243 per cent.

Silver bars stand at 33⅞*d.* and dollars at 33⅝*d.*

The subscription list for shares in Wulff's Circus (Limited) closes to-day.

A general meeting of the New Decimal Association to consider the present position of the Association is announced to be held at the offices of the president, Mr. S. Montagu, M.P., 60, Old Broad-street, on Wednesday, October 18, at 4 P.M.

The announcement in last night's *Gazette—London Gazette*—shows that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is anxious to take advantage of the present easy money rates. Tenders for Treasury bills to the amount of £1,000,000 will be received on the 16th inst. The bills will be dated October 19, 1893, and will be payable at three, six, or twelve months after date.

LATEST DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The following are the latest dividend declarations compared in each case with the corresponding announcement made at this time last year:—

	Present.	Last Year.
City of Chicago Brewing and Malting	Pref. 8 per cent. per annum.	8 per cent. per annum.
Direct United States Cable	3*s.* 6*d.* per share.	3*s.* 6*d.* per share.
Australian Mortgage Land and Finance	15 per cent.	20 per cent.
Jubilee Gold	30 per cent.	15 per cent.
Worcester Exploration Gold	5 per cent.	5 per cent.
Kimberley Waterworks	2½ per cent.	2½ per cent.
Rio Tinto	7*s.* per share.	7*s.* per share.
Buenos Ayres Western Railway	7*s.* per share.	5*s.* per share.
London Scottish Banking	7 per cent. per annum.	—
Eastern Mortgage and Agency	8 per cent. per annum.	8 per cent. per annum.
Bartholomay Brewing, Preference	8 per cent. per annum.	8 per cent. per annum.
Brazilian Submarine Telegraph	3*s.* p. sh., and 1*s.* p. sh. bonus.	3*s.* per share.

TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.—Cordoba Central, 7,300 dols. *decrease*; Cordoba Central North Section, 39,420 dols. *decrease.*

FRENCH RAILWAY TRAFFICS.—Midland, 152,918 f. *increase*; Lyons, 118,878 f. *decrease*; Western, 8,016 f. *increase*; Orleans, 4,021 f. *increase*; Northern 1,000 f. *increase.*

LATEST REDRUTH PRICES.—The following are the latest prices announced from Redruth to-day: Blue Hills, ⅛, ¼; Carn Brea, 15½, 16; Cook's Kitchen, 1, ½; Dolcoath, 84½, 5; East Pool, 10⅜, ⅝; Killifreth, 2½, 3; Phœnix, 3*s.*, 5*s.*; South Condurrow, 8*s.*, 10*s.*; South Crofty, 29*s.*, 31*s.*; South Francis, 8*s.*, 10*s.*; Tincroft, 13, ½; West Frances, 1¼, ¾; West Kitty, 6½, 7; Wheal Agar, 4½, 5; Wheal Basset, 2¾, 3¼; Wheal Friendly, ⅛, ⅜; Wheal Grenville, 17, ¼; Wheal Kitty, 13*s.*, 15*s.*

MONDAY'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

Harquahala Gold	Winchester H., 12.	Taunton Corp., &c., Stock, &c.	Calls, £30,300.
Read's Drift Land Co.	„ „ 2.	Central Uruguay, &c., Rlys., &c.	Divs., £60,900
Idaho Mining	„ „ 2.30.		

MONEY AND STOCKS ABROAD.

PARIS.—The Bourse yesterday was firm. The following is a statement of the principal quotations compared with those of the previous day:—

	Previous Day.	Latest.	Movement.		Previous Day.	Latest.	Movement.
Bank Rate	2½p.c.	2½p.c.	—	Italian	[illegible]	85.05	+0.25
Market discount	2¼p.c.	2¼p.c.	—	Ottom. Custom Bds	493.75	493.75	—
Exc. Lond., short	25.19½	25.19	−0.00½	„ Priority	445.00	446.25	+1.25
Do cheques	25.21	25.20½	−0.00½	Spanish	64.18	63.50	−0.68
				Turks	22.37	22.45	+0.08
Rentes, 3 per cent.	98.05	98.25	+0.20	Lombards	222.50	223.75	+1.25
Do. Account	98.10	98.25	+0.15	Ottoman Bank	586.25	587.50	+1.25
New	98.00	98.00	—	Suez Canal	2,676.20	2,690.00	+13.80
Four-and-a-Halfs	104.30	104.70	+0.40	De Beers	401.25	406.25	+5.00
Do. Account	104.47	104.85	+0.38	Rio Tinto	338.75	340.00	+1.25
Egyptian Unified	515.62	515.62	—				

BERLIN.—The market to-day is weak. The following is a statement of the principal quotations compared with those of the previous day:—

	Latest.	Previous Day.	Movement.		Latest.	Previous Day.	Movement.
Bank Rate	5 p.c.	5 p.c.	—	Lombards	41.87	42.50	−0.63
Market Discount	4¼ p.c.	4¼ p.c.	—	Russian Fours	98.50	98.75	−0.25
Exch. Lon. Short	20.35½	20.35½	—	Roubles	212.50	212.75	−0.25
Do. Three Mnths.	20.21½	20.21½	—	Prussian	106.70	106.75	−0.05
				Egyptian Unified	101.75	101.87	−0.12
Austrian Gold	96.12	96.12	—	Mexican New	60.62	60.87	−0.25
Hungarian	95.50	95.62	−0.12	German Reichs	85.10	85.10	—
Italian	82.12	82.62	−0.50	New German	85.40	85.40	—
Turks	22.30	22.40	−0.10	Can. Pac.	73.80	73.40	+0.40

The discount rates now ruling at miscellaneous foreign centres are as follow:—

	Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt
Hamburg	5	4⅛	Amsterdam	5	4½	Madrid	5	5	Melbourne	7	7½
Frankfort	5	4½	Rome	5½	3¾	Stockholm	4	4	Calcutta	4	—
Vienna	5	4⅛	St. Petersburg	5	5	Lisbon	6	6½	Bombay	4	—

The following are the latest rates of exchange quoted at miscellaneous foreign centres on London:—

Amsterdm. short	12.03½	Madrid sight	30.45	Rio J'n'iro, 90 dys	10¾*d.*	Calcutta trans.	1/3 1-32
Hamburg, 3 mos	20.25	Rome	28.52	B. Ayres, 90 dys	47½*d.*	Bombay trans.	1/3 1-32
Frankfort	20.33	Lisbon	41½*d.*	M'ntevid'o, 90 dys	51*d.*	H'ngk'ng, 4 mo.	2/5⅛
Vienna	126.25	Athens	42.40	Valpriso 90 dys	1/3⅛*d.*	Shanghai, 4 mo.	3/4⅛
S. Petrsbg. 3 mo.	95.50	Constntinple, 3 m.	109.62	M'lb'rn, 60 dys.	⅝p. ¾ dis.	Lima	25*d.*

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

INTERNATIONAL BILLIARDS.

THE MATCH BETWEEN ROBERTS AND IVES.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Friday Night.—Frank Ives, the young American adversary of the English champion, John Roberts, again displayed his wonderful masteryin nursing carom this afternoon, when he resumed play in the international billiard match.

Roberts began the game with the great lead of 615 points. Ives had said at the close of Thursday night's game that he could practically wipe that advantage out in a single innings. He proved that he could by almost annihilating it in the eighth break. He gained the rail after some pretty play about the corner, and then carried the balls three-quarters of the way around the table, scoring a break of 586. The total score then stood:—Roberts, 6,607; Ives, 6,428; and that for the afternoon, Ives, 642; Roberts, 206.

The Englishman, who is famous for his nerve, watched the youngster with critical eye, but played with no show of nervousness. The balls broke badly for him, and he could not get in any of those dazzling hazards for a time. Roberts finally rattled the balls into the pockets in great style, and the plaudits were frequent. He executed some draw shots that were beauties, and gained on his young opponent. Roberts closed the game a leader still by 536 points, the score being at this period:—

Roberts: 17, 6, 1, 0, 45, 90, 0, 2, 45, 0, 66, 0, 0, 0, 32, 2, 50, 22, 45, 1, 0, 103, 17, 9, 0, 3, 0, 23, 30, 3, 49, 89, 3, 22, 4, 0, 9, 11; total, 799. Grand total (+8,401), 7,200.

Ives: 42, 0, 0, 0, 3, 2, 9, 586, 37, 1, 9, 23, 24, 7, 6, 0, 0, 6, 0, 17, 4, 5, 0, 4, 1, 1, 19, 6, 7, 0, 4, 0, 10, 2, 17, 20, 3; total, 878. Grand total (+5,786), 6,664.

The English champion opened this evening's game with an exceptionally fine break of 125. It was a combination of hazards, cushion caroms, and his unequalled spot play. Roberts's position play was admirable. Double and triple-figure breaks followed in quick succession. They were starred with all the beauties of the English game, and Ives was as interested as any spectator in the house. He watches the Englishman closely, and is evidently storing a knowledge of shots on which he is weak, for use on a future occasion.

Roberts sailed away in the lead, and it was "blue" for the American when the scorer called at 10.15 o'clock, Roberts, 437; Ives, 55. Ives then scored 46 points, but losing command of the balls resorted to safety tactics. Roberts smiled, and replied in kind. Ives was nettled. He astonished, and delighted the onlookers by a skyrocket kiss carom that swept in a graceful curve half the length of the table.

Ives tried repeatedly and ineffectually to get the rail, and bit his lips vexatiously when the balls, refusing to be coaxed, glided away from each other. Finally, he seemed to have them under control, but after a break of 75 they were away once more. Then Roberts entertained the assemblage by the finest display of losing hazards seen during the entire match. He pocketed Ives's ball, and then had only the cue and red ball on the table. Trying the losing hazard on the side pocket, drawing the red ball into perfect position each time, he scored 54 points before missing.

Once more Ives was all at sea, and Roberts led by a score of 667 to 266 at the close of the nineteenth innings.

Suddenly Roberts discarded hazards, and took to French caroms. He interpolated rail nursing and open play beautifully, and sandwiched in a few hazards, never stopping until he had scored 123. Ives was weary after a miss, and Roberts knocked out 86, making his score for the evening 949. Then Ives got the balls on the rails. Playing left-handed he turned the lower right-hand pocket successfully, and held them till he had scored 131. A "freeze" then put a stop to rail tactics. He got 146 all told, and carried his break up to 481. In all over a few minutes later, the Englishman rolling up 37, and securing the necessary 1,000 points for the night. He beat Ives 487 on the night's play, and is now 1,023 points in the lead on the total score.

Despite Ives's liability to run 500 or 600 at a break, the prospects of Roberts winning are remarkably rosy. Little or no betting has been done, but to-morrow some money may be posted. To-night's score was:—

Roberts: 125, 41, 32, 157, 82, 0, 2, 1, 27, 1, 0, 9, 26, 4, 54, 37, 5, 64, 15, 23, 123, 66, 0, 2, 29, 4, 2, 12, 37; total, 1,000. Grand total (+7,200), 8,200.

Ives: 0, 19, 22, 14, 4, 46, 11, 0, 7, 3, 0, 11, 2, 0, 75, 4, 2, 2, 55, 3, 20, 0, 23, 2, 8, 8, 146, 4, 28; total, 513. Grand total (+6,666), 7,177.

NOTES FROM CLUB AND COURSE.

Kempton Park at all times seems to command the racing success it so richly deserves. The improved going induced that variable horse, Egyptian, in the Walton Welter, to show his true form in defeating Maffio at even weights. In a very large good class field of selling platers, Sir Blundell Maple's colours were carried victoriously by Vaulter, who was subsequently sold cheap enough at 500 guineas.

Kingsclere carried off with Match Box the Kempton Breeders' Produce Stakes. This was the first example of any approach to so valuable a two-year-old race being run over such a distance as one mile. The winner barely got home from Son o' Mine. The pair finished so very far in front of all else in the race that it must be said the remaining thirteen runners were of a very moderate class. Neither first nor second is bred on lines suggestive of true racing gift. Bircham, or Delphos would make short work of either at even weights over any course.

At last the erratic Erin managed to win after many attempts, her victory by a head over Clog Dance being a high tribute to the handicapping, as many would not wager, saying "the pair could not be separated at the weights." Earl of Annandale was bought cheaply enough on winning the Middlesex Selling Plate. His class is better than his price of £310 represents. His future running is to prove it.

Prisoner seemingly did not do well in a striding gallop with Seaton Delaval, as he was driven from position as first favourite for the Cesarewitch back to 10 to 1. A market tail so near the event is truly a serious matter. The advance of Molly Morgan and Red Eyes indicates that the last public appearance of each could not have been with in "stones" of their true form.

The opposition to Prisoner is explained by the remarks from a Newmarket correspondent. He says the horse had certainly not been overdone with work during this week, but yesterday he was stripped along with Seaton Delaval, and sent a good gallop—by far the best of his preparation—of a mile and three-quarters, commencing on the Water Hall ground and finishing the last mile of the journey on the Limekilns. Prisoner appeared to be going well within himself for the first mile of the gallop, but Seaton Delaval kept pegging away at his best pace, and hardly had a mile and three furlongs of the distance been covered than Prisoner showed unmistakable symptoms of having had enough, as he tired very much, and ran a beaten horse to the end of the gallop.

Charles Archer yesterday morning had a "feeler" at his Cesarewitch charge, Helen Ware, and evidently found her much wanting, as Hagiographer beat her easily in a rough gallop of a mile and three-quarters, the last mile of the journey being on the Limekilns. Polyglot made the pace for the first six furlongs of the gallop, when Lord Munden jumped in and went the last mile, and although Helen Ware had the services of Sam Loates in the saddle she could scarcely raise a gallop at the finish.

Mr. R. C. Vyner is a thorough sportsman. Yesterday he refused an offer of £20,000 for Marcion. The colt is not likely to run again this year, but it is hoped that he will stand in next season.

It has been decided that Tom Mullen shall ride Newcourt in the Cesarewitch. The Northern jockey does not ride in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton to-day.

The high-diving controversy has afforded a rare opportunity for self-advertisement to many would-be champion divers. A more careful supervision of their challenges and counter-challenges might lead the public to believe that something more than mere bounce is meant.

Football is a great game in Leicester, but we certainly gave the townsmen credit for greater decency than to make a burlesque of a football player's funeral. A member of a football club was being buried, and on the open hearse were wreaths and a Rugby football, while on each side walked members of the club, bare-headed, in blue jerseys, white knee-breeches, and football boots. The funeral procession attracted great attention as it passed through the crowded streets on its way to the cemetery.

Some important business was transacted at the annual general meeting of the Amateur Athletic Counties Cross-Country Association last evening at the "Edinburgh," Milford-lane. The association passed a rule to the effect that no affiliated club shall decide runs or races along public roads within a four miles radius of Charing Cross. A proposition to allow individual as well as club entries to be received for the Southern Counties championships fell through, as also did that for the holding of an inter-county championship. Dates were fixed for "open" steeplechases, and the election of officers for the ensuing season resulted thus:—President, Mr. W. M. Barnard (Polytechnic Harriers); vice-presidents, A. J. Fowden (South London Harriers), J. E. Dixon (Lea Harriers), C. W. Hickman (Blackheath Harriers), and Gordon C. Innes (South London Harriers); committee, Monte Nesbitt, F. R. Thomas, Ralph Gale, A. R. Birtles, G. W. Turk, E. W. Spendlove, E. J. Fry, and H. V. Starbuck; hon. sec., Mr. Arthur Cook; hon. treasurer, Mr. F. Millington Hare.

According to a correspondent of *Land and Water*, the present grouse famine in Rossshire, within a radius of twenty miles of Dingwall, has raised the question, Has there been a great loss of young birds owing to do with the scarcity of grouse? There was an exceptionally good hatching season, and where the heather was long and afforded shelter birds are found, but on recently burnt portions of moors remote from water there are almost no birds this year.

Preparations for the October rowing events at Cambridge have commenced much earlier this year than usual. St. John's made a start early this week, when they launched a four, manned by A. F. Cassels (bow), A. E. Buchanan, W. H. Bousey, and S. B. Reid (stroke). James B. Close has been coaching them. Caius, Pembroke, and First Trinity have also begun work. Pembroke are composed of J. C. Lea (bow), C. A. H. Goring, J. B. Jenkins, and Rev. B. L. Dashwood (stroke). First Trinity yesterday were constituted, R. W. Broadrick (bow), W. Adie, H. A. Game, and G. A. H. Branson (stroke). They have a clinker four out daily, rowing with J. B. Hoare (bow), A. D. Nightingale, B. J. Airy, and C. Owen (stroke).

A despatch from Berlin to the *Sporting Life* states that Terront, who is essaying a 2,000 miles cycling ride across Europe, arrived at Berlin at midnight on Thursday, and left yesterday morning for Magdeburg. The journey from St. Petersburg to Berlin occupied nine days. Terront is in excellent health.

For the second time in the history of cycling sport, the one-mile record has been accomplished under two minutes. W. Windle, whom we have already referred to as one of America's speediest sons, having benefited from the appellation "Iron Man," with a flying start, in 1 min. 53 1-5 secs., on the Hampden Park track, at Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday, the 3rd inst. The other occasion of two minutes being beaten was when J. S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, on September 22 last year, accomplished the 1,760 yards in 1 min. 56 3-5 sec.; but Johnson was paced by running horses hitched to a sulky, which was being fitted with canvas wind shields, and his performance does not, therefore, compare favourably with Windle's, who had ordinary cycle pacing. Windle afterwards rode half a mile in 56 3-5 sec., equal to a pace of nearly thirty-two miles per hour. It was a considerable period of time—not, in fact, until pneumatic tyres came into use—ere anyone could approach the time made by the crack trotters of America; but once upon the path the pedalling stage the cyclists have surpassed the quadrupeds by leaps and bounds.

Fast following the wonderful feat at Springfield comes news of another nearer home. John S. Prince, of Omaha, Neb., U.S.A., last night, at Herne Hill, broke the half mile world's professional bicycle record, making the distance in 1 min. 8 1-5 sec. from a standing start. He also rode a half mile, with a 440 yards start, in 52-5 sec, which is also a world's professional record, and it must be considered that the wind in each case was blowing with considerable strength. Prince is an Englishman by birth, having been born at Langley Green, a small town near Birmingham. He began to ride a bicycle at the age of sixteen, and at Wolverhampton about four years ago won three big handicaps in succession, Prince being the only man in the world who accomplished this feat. He also defeated Fred Cooper in a mile race at Leicester when Cooper was at his best. He has also defeated Howell several times, both in England and America. Prince will be thirty-three years of age on the 27th of next month, stands 5 ft. 10 in., and weighs 12 st. 2 lb. in condition.

Nuttall's latest failure to beat his own record at Bristol has been the subject of much speculation as to his present powers as a swimmer. Nuttall's attempt proved a great disappointment, as he was literally not in the condition for lowering records. His time was 6 min. 56 2-5sec. for the 500 yards, or nearly 28sec. more than the record. The 200 yards Championship of the West of England, decided subsequently, proved a good race, but had Partridge won, Bolton would closely pressed a better time would have resulted. There were seven entries, and of the six who started the competitors kept very close, but at the half-distance Parsons held a lead of a good four yards, which he gradually increased towards the end, coming in four or five lengths in front. There was a capital struggle for second place. The result was as follows: C. Parsons, Bristol Leander S.C. (champion of the Avon), 1; C. Williams, Swindon S.C., 2; J. Bush, Clifton and Bristol S.C., 3. Time, 2 min. 51 sec. The sports also included two polo matches, Percy S.C. (Bath) v. Bristol and Clifton Reserves, which resulted in a victory for the home team of six goals to one; and Bristol and Clifton v. Swindon Amateurs, which, after a fluctuating game, was won by the visitors by seven goals to four.

The semi-final tie in the Water-Polo Competition was decided before a large company last evening at the Kensington Baths, Lancaster-road, Ladbroke-grove. The competing teams were Hanley, who last year ran up to Nauttius, and the Amateur S.C. Play was fast and exciting, but at times very rough, and the referee had not an enviable position. In the tie between Hanley S.C. and Amateur S.C., the latter claimed the fourth deep end of the bath. Hanley were first on the ball, but for three minutes the play was very even. After Haarnach had saved a couple of hot shots the Pottery men pressed very severely, and in quick succession goals were registered for them by Brandeck, Horret, Montford, and Pointon. Stephens also claimed one for the Amateurs, but it was disallowed, the referee being unable to see it, and this led to a regrettable scene. Half-time arrived with Hanley leading by four goals to nil. In the second half play was very foul, the visitors being the principal offenders, and the whistle was constantly sounding. At length Lowes dribbled up, and Yorston put the ball through, the final score being four goals to one in favour of the visitors. The winners have to meet the Tunbridge Wells Cygnus S.C in the final tie at Leicester on Monday next. After the match the Amateur S.C. entertained the visitors at their headquarters.

At the annual prize meeting of A Company (St. George's, Hanover-square, of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, held at the Runemede Ranges, Staines, Colour-Sergeant W. A. Spencer won the first prize for the fourth year in succession with the score of 87 (27, 32, 28); Private F. E. Dawe, 86; Troop-Sergeant Merrick, 72; Private Vivian, 69, Major Clifford Probyn, 69; Troop-Sergeant Major Mellings, 68; Private Glasscock, and Private R. Smith being the other prize winners. In the Second Class (open to all first class conditions) Private W. H. Glass won the first prize with 69, the other prizes going to Private Hall, 67; Private A. H. Smith, 65; Corporal Boyd, 60; Private Smith, 58; and Private H. Carter, 57.

Mr. Nicholas Smith, American Consul at Liége, has issued a report on Dogs as Beasts of Burthen, which is interesting reading. Mr. Smith is evidently anxious to convert the American public to Belgian practices, saying he estimates in wasted dog power there is in America a neglected force of something like 3,500,000,000 lb.—a very Niagara of force. He calculates the strength of one dog to be 500 lb., that is, one dog drawing that weight. He says that Belgium dogs are kept in livery stables like horses, and are principally fed on horseflesh and black bread, the cost being from 2d. to 3d. per day. As with horses, so are experiments being made in the dog breeding, the object being to produce them more suitable for harness. Mastiffs are found too long in the back and legs, and the idea now is to produce a cross between this breed and the bulldog, which has extraordinary chest development and breathing capacity. In Belgium there are regular dog markets, canine Tattersall's, in fact, where large numbers of dogs are bought and sold, a strongly built and trained dog fetching £4 or more. In Liége, Mr. Smith asserts, as many horses are used as in any other European town of equal size; but for every horse to be seen in the streets there are at least two dogs in harness. Market gardeners use them, as do milkmen, bakers, butchers, grocers, and expressmen; and sometimes they are placed in a kind of treadmill for working light machinery. The average Liége dog draws about 600 lb., a mastiff sometimes drawing double as much. With regard to the cruelty of the practice he is unusual, in support of his case, relates an anecdote of a person in Liége who lost the use of his legs, and had a species of perambulator made which could be drawn by a dog. A large Danish hound, which had been his companion for years, was harnessed to it, and appeared to be as happy as when he followed at his master's heels, and proud of the service he rendered him. Mr. Smith seems to have no very great sympathy with dogs. "From time immemorial," he says, "this hereditary loafer has been given over to pleasure; but, like certain other of the privileged classes in England the practice of using dogs as beasts of draught is prohibited by Act of Parliament, and many people entertain objections, more or less sentimental, to dogs being worked in any way, sporting purposes, of course, excepted."

A correspondent writing to the *Field* says that the landlord of the Hood Arms at Kilse, near Bridgwater, has a little spaniel bitch, very clever at finding conger eels, and any one passing that way when the tide "runs" might do worse than have a spell at conger eel hunting. The landlord mentioned—who, by the way, is Merry both by name and nature—is always ready to show sport. (Wordsworth calls it "Kilse by the green sea"; but some people think he must have had an extra special poet's licence to do so, as Kilse is on the Bristol Channel, and the mud completely discolours the water.) Armed with an iron-shod lever, a long, thin ash rod to push under stones which cannot be raised, and accompanied by Merry and his spaniel, one goes down to the beach where the stones are heaviest, and as the tide recedes the sport works about among them, and as soon as she finds a place where a conger lurks she gives tongue and runs round. The levers are brought to bear, and out bolts Master Conger, making for the water, but his journey is cut short by a blow from the stick or lever.

"The quarter of a mile of Norwegian streams by which the lake delivers its waters and forms the river, narrows at a bridge, where, compressed into dark green volume by great rocks, it leaps in tumult over a fall. Above, however, the current is easy, the bed consisting largely of shallows and shelves of gravel, apparently trout water of a most likely character. Of that I had made a mental note, writes the graphic angling authority, "Red Spinner," and seize the opportunity of an afternoon, when the salmon are not taking, to wade in properly equipped with trout rod and tackle. Mr. Wallbrau, hearing I was bound for Norway, had sent me a few flies which he specially ties for anglers who regularly go there, and I find them all good especially a tinselled body pattern, by the author of "Bradshaw's Fancy." But the best thing to do, and on the afore-mentioned wet walk down the lake side, is a silver-bodied sea trout fly, which, I think, is called "The Killer." This I always put at the end of the cast, on the chance of a sea trout, or perchance salmon. On the afternoon I am now concerned with, I do little for an hour—nothing but a pound sea trout and a few fingerlings. The fish there rise ravenously for an hour and half, and by short casts up stream I bag thirty-one lovely little silvery fairs of surprising strength and pluck, and of half pound average. Three-fourths of the number take the "Killer." For another half hour the rise is as brisk as before, but the fish come short, and they do not touch the fly. By the momentary crimson flash at one of the misses, I know that I have risen a salmon, just as I came to the lake where I particularly wanted to inspect—to wit, a char—and whip on and on in the hope of gratifying an honest desire. And eventually I succeed in getting into the char, and transferring to the bag, one of a third of a pound, a perfect type of the smaller Salmo alpinus, with belly of ruddy orange, and carmine spots along the sides. Just as I leave the water, down in a heavy run near the bridge, a salmon, dark as a porpoise, and not less than 30 lb., rolls leisurely up and disappears with the same tranquil spirit."

The following day is Sunday and I take boat with a couple of rowers for a spot seven miles down the fiord, the object being to study another type of river and lake. A penetrating Scotch mist hides the mountains, and intrudes upon the loch. My attendant speaks English, and interprets for me with the boatman. The fiord here is sufficiently salt to afford codling fishing in the autumn, but sea angling in the remote parts of long fiords is not reputed good for larger fish than whiting. Still, a salmon or sea trout must occasionally be taken, as my attendant for the day tells me that his master high up the river took a fish that retained in its upper lip a hook with the common spoon used by the fiord boatmen. There are several boats out to-day, and now and then a herring-sized rock cod is handlined over the gunwale. The river, at whose mouth we land, is free to visitors stopping at the pretty hotel, but the season has been a failure for sea trout. Nobody can explain why the run here and in others rivers has been so disappointing this year, but the fact is but too certain. The river is short, and the pools are all within a mile. The banks are almost like an English valley, very thickly wooded with alders, and fully cultivated. The poor people have stacked the haulms of the potatoes, and are drying them for fodder with as much care as if they were corn sheaves. Above the pools indicated the river is a continuous torrent, with an occasional rapid and rough stream, and a few eddies holding brown trout. Roaring bens and disappointing fishing usually bar the ascent of migrants. As I progress I find that the river and its banks more closely resemble a Scotch glen, just as the valley of last Sunday reminded me of one of the broader kind of Scotch strath. The red and white wooden houses, the primitive methods of husbandry, and the absence of oak, elm, beech, and sycamore, do not permit you to cherish any illusion of that nature for many minutes. The lake, like the river, is typical of the minor waters of both kinds. The former is environed by the everlasting mountains, and the visible portion of the glacier at its head, where pyramid after pyramid of lofty ice-pack rises to the sea-green water, is remarkably fine. Under the lee of a boat, seated on a rock, and holding an india-rubber waterproof cloak, I give this glacier the incense of one honest pipe, shake the ashes out, and, shivering in the icy wind, lead the march briskly back to the hotel.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN AMERICA.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, Friday.—The Australian cricketers to-day visited Philadelphia, for the return match against an eleven of this district. The weather was cloudy, but the sky seemed inclined to clear, and there was a nice light breeze.

To-day's match was played at the Manheim ground. In view of the severe defeat inflicted on the visitors by the Philadelphians at the previous match on the Belmont Club's ground, the contest which opened to-day is arousing the greatest interest. Opinions as to the result are much divided, but the betting at the start was slightly in favour of the Australians.

The attendance at the commencement of play was about 1,500, but increased after luncheon to 4,000. The Americans won the toss and elected to go to the wickets. They compiled altogether 119, against which the Australians last night made 76 for the loss of two wickets when rain stopped play. The score now stands:—

PHILADELPHIA.—First Innings.			
Mr. Brown	8	Mr. Brown	0
Mr. Patterson (captain)	10	Mr. King	6
Mr. Noble	2	Mr. Bailey, not out	9
Mr. Wood	2	Extras	9
Mr. Thompson	2		
Mr. Clark	33	Total	115
Mr. Ralston	24		

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.			
Mr. J. J. Lyons	8	Mr. G. Trott, not out	11
Mr. A. C. Bannerman	12	Extras	9
Mr. G. Giffen, not out	36		
		Total (2 wickets)	76

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—Philadelphians, first innings: M'Leod, four wickets for 62; Trumble, six wickets for 46.—*Reuter.*

THE MONGOLIAN PHEASANT.

Speaking of the Chinese or Mongolian pheasants which have during the past two or three years been introduced in several localities in Illinois, the Rockford *Gazette* says:

"Mr. Simpson, of Alexis, Warren County, procured two wing-shot hens in the spring of 1892. He liberated one pair in April, and a dozen more escaped during the fall. He kept a trio in a small park to test breeding in confinement. He found the first egg April 20, and seventy-five eggs in seventy-nine days. They were placed under domestic hens. The first two clutches of twenty eggs each hatched out thirty-eight birds. The latter setting did poorly, owing to extreme hot weather and the hens being affected with cholera; only 30 per cent. incubating, and few of those lived. The winged hen never mated, and of her thirty eggs none incubated. With his limited knowledge he succeeded, however, in raising thirty-six young birds from the hen.

"The male bird erect stands nearly 2 ft. tall; bill and eyelids yellow; a crimson line above and below the eye expanding to a half-inch width in mating season; neck dark green, white ring below; breast seal brown centre, shading off to light russet lustre, with cinnamon spots like a leopard. Back having nearly thirty metallic colours; tail 18 in. or 20 in. long. The hen is a trim, neat bird, dull brown dark markings, pretty neck, shapely head, tail 10 in. to 15 in. long. The flesh is white, tender, juicy, gamey flavour. Nothing comes amiss for food, from grass seed to potato bugs.

"They are an open country bird, seeking shelter in the brush only when flushed; cock will quick fight, one hundred yards, sometimes more, to reach cover. They nest in brush heaps, old stacks, fence rows, and out-of-the-way places. They depend on fleet running and hiding more than wings; raise two or three broods in a season, the male bird taking the brood when hatched while the hen raises another brood. They roost on the ground when the weather overtakes them. The cocks are great fighters, and have no difficulty in disposing of any barnyard cock that comes in their way. They are not migratory, except as the natural increase compels them to spread for food. Their successful introduction depends on the protection and forbearance of hunters during the first few years they are getting their start."

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PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm sorry to 've kept you waiting, Miss, but I met with an accident and had to come back for another jug."

"And what was the accident you met with, Esther?"

"I wasn't paying no attention, Miss; I was looking at a cab that could hardly get through the stones they've been laying down in the Pembroke-road; the poor little 'orse was pulling that 'ard that I thought he'd drop down dead, and while I was looking I ran up against a passer-by, and being a bit taken a back I dropped the jug."

"How was that? Did you know the passer-by?"

Esther busied herself with the dishes on the sideboard; and, divining that something serious had happened to her servant, Miss Rice refrained and allowed the dinner to pass in silence. Half an hour after Esther came into the study with her mistress's tea. She brought over the wicker table, and as she set it by her mistress's knees the shadows about the bookcase and the light of the lamp upon the book and pensive content on Miss Rice's face kindled her to think of her own troubles, the hardship, the passion, and despair of her life compared with this tranquil existence. The post had brought a letter from Mr. Bryant. Esther watched her mistress read it. She doubted not it was to appoint a day for one of their long conversations; and they would talk of books and pictures, and her mistress would derive pleasure and comfort from the visit. But the man who had brought Miss Rice so much innocent happiness had brought her grief and tears. Never had Esther felt more certain that misfortune was inherent in her life. She remembered all the trouble she had had, she wondered how she had come out of it all alive; and now, just as things seemed like settling, everything was going to be upset again. Fred was away for a fortnight's holiday—she was safe for eleven or twelve days. After that she did not know what might not happen. Her instinct told her that although he had passed over her fault very lightly so long as he knew nothing of the father of her child, he might not care to marry her if William continued to come after her. Ah! if she hadn't happened to go out at that particular time she might never have met William. He did not live in the neighbourhood; if he did they would have met before. Perhaps he had just settled in the neighbourhood. That would be worst of all. No, no, no; it was a mere accident; if the cask of beer had held out a day or two longer, or if it had run out a day or two sooner, she might never have met William! If she had only held her tongue, and said nothing about the child! He didn't really seem to care until she spoke of the child. He would be sure to come after her for the child's sake. There was no hope for her; she was an unfortunate girl.

In the evening, as she was laying the table her grief took her unawares, and she was obliged to dash aside the tears that had risen to her eyes. The action was so apparent that Miss Rice thought it would be an affectation to ignore it. So she said in her kind, musical, intimate manner, "Esther, I'm afraid you have some trouble on your mind; can I do anything for you?"

"No, Miss, no, it's nothing; I shall get over it presently."

But the effort of speaking was too much for her, and a bitter sob caught her in the throat.

"You had better tell me your trouble, Esther; even if I cannot help you it will ease your heart to tell me about it. I hope nothing is the matter with Jackie?"

"No, Miss, no; thank God he's well enough. It's nothing to do with him; leastways——" Then with a violent effort she put back her tears. "Oh, it is silly of me," she said, "and your dinner getting cold."

"I don't want to pry into your affairs, Esther, but you know that——"

"Yes, Miss, I know you to be kindness itself; but there's nothing to be done but to bear it. You asked me just now if it had anything to do with Jackie. Well, it is no more than that his father has come back."

"But surely, Esther, that's hardly a reason for sorrow; I should have thought that you would have been glad."

"It is only natural that you should think so, Miss; them what hasn't been through the trouble never thinks the same as them that has. You see, Miss, it is nearly nine years since I've seen him, and during them nine years I 've been through so much—no one will ever know how much. I 've worked and slaved, and been through all the 'ardship, and now, when the worst is over, he comes to ask for his share of the boy. He ain't earned his share, and I don't see why he should 'ave it."

"Oh, is that it?" said Miss Rice, smiling. She was touched by the simple pathos of the story.

"I'm quite different now to what I was nine years ago. If he had been true to me we'd have been married, and the child would have been his. But he wasn't; he left me to fight the battle alone. I never asked nothing of him; I don't want nothing of him now. The child's mine, and I'm a free woman to like who I please, and it won't be him, I'm pretty sure of that."

"Then you like some one else better?"

"Yes, Miss, I does; that's just it, and I am not ashamed to own up to it. What makes it so 'ard to bear is that for the last two months or more I've been keeping company with Fred Parsons—that's the stationer's assistant; you've seen him in the shop, Miss—and he and me is as good as engaged to be married. He's earning good money, thirty shillings a week, and he's as good a young man as ever stepped—religious, kind-hearted, everything as would make a woman 'appy in 'er 'ome. It is 'ard for a girl to keep up with 'er religion in some of the situations we have to put up with, and I'd mostly got out of the habit of chapel-going till I met him; it was 'e who led me back again to Christ. But for all that understanding very well, not to say indulgent for the failings of others, like yourself, Miss. He knew all about Jackie from the first, and never said nothing about it, but that I must have suffered cruel, which I have. He's been with me to see Jackie, and they both took to each other wonderful like; it couldn't 'ave been more so if 'e'd been 'is own father. But now all that's broke up, for when Fred meets William it is as likely as not as he'll think quite different."

The evening died behind the red-brick suburb, and Miss Rice's strip of garden grew greener. She had finished her dinner, and she leaned back thinking of the story she had heard. She was one of those secluded maiden ladies so common in England, whose experience of life is limited to a tea-party, and whose further knowledge of life is derived from the yellow-backed French novels which fill their bookcases. Esther stood facing her mistress, a dark silhouette upon the window.

"How was it that you happened to meet William—I think you said his name was William?"

"It was the day, Miss, that I went to fetch the beer from the public-house. It was he that made me drop the jug; you remember, Miss, I had to come back for another. I told you about it at the time. When I went out again with a fresh jug he was waiting for me; he followed me to the Greyhound and wanted to pay for the beer—not likely that I'd let him: I told them to put it on the slate and that I'd pay for it to-morrow. I didn't speak to him on leaving the bar, but he followed me to the gate. He wanted to know what I'd been doing all the time. Then my temper got the better of me, and I said, 'Looking after your child.'"

"'My child!' says he. 'So there's a child, is there?'"

"I think you told me that he married one of the young ladies at the place you were then in situation?"

"Young lady! No fear, she wasn't no young lady. Anyway, she was too good or too bad for him; they didn't get on, and are now living separate. You know, Miss, if I'd said nothing about the child I don't think he'd 've come after me; I don't really. It is the child he's after, not me."

"Well, then, why not let him see the child, and then perhaps he'll leave you alone?"

"I know him better nor that, Miss. If he was once to get sight on Jackie I should never get rid of him again."

"But if he wants to see Jackie, I don't see, Esther, how you can prevent him."

"I've 'ad no dealings with the law, Miss; but do you think that it 'ud force me to give up Jackie to his father, what 'as never helped with as much as a sixpence to support him?"

"I wasn't thinking about the law, but rather of the impossibility of your keeping Jackie's whereabout's secret from William. He has only to follow you to find all he wants to know."

"A following of me! a pretty dance round London I would lead him; he'd soon get tired of trying to follow *me*."

"After all, I don't see why you shouldn't let him see Jackie; I don't see what you'd gain by preventing him, even if you could do so. Why not take him to see the child? He's fairly well to do. You said that he was proprietor of a public house."

"Part proprietor, Miss."

"He probably wishes to settle some money on the child."

"I don't want his money. We've done without it long enough; please God, we'll be able to do without it to the end."

"If I were to die to-morrow, Esther, remember that you would be in exactly the same position as you were when you entered my service. You remember what that was? You have often told me that there was only 1*s.* 6*d.* between you and the workhouse; you owed Mr. Lewis two weeks' money for the support of the child. I daresay, you've saved a little money since you've been with me, but it cannot be more than a few pounds. I don't think that you ought to let this chance slip through your fingers, if not for your own for Jackie's sake. William, according to his own account, is making money. He may become a rich man; he has no children by his wife; he might like to leave some of his money—in any case, he'd like to leave something—to Jackie."

"He was always given to boasting about money. I don't believe all he says about money or anything else."

"That may be, but he may have money, and you have no right to refuse to allow him to provide for Jackie. Supposing later on Jackie were to reproach you?"

"Jackie 'd never do that, Miss; he'd know I acted for the best."

"If you again found yourself out of a situation and saw Jackie crying for his dinner, you'd reproach yourself."

"I don't think I should, Miss."

"I know you are very obstinate, Esther, but I'm sure I'm advising you for the best. Even if you look at it from the side of your own personal interest, I don't see how you can do better than to take him to see the child. You say that it's the child he's after and not you. No doubt you're right; he's a married man."

"Married man! That makes no difference to the likes of 'im."

"Come, Esther, listen to me; don't be so obstinate. When you take him to see Jackie you'll learn a great deal about him that you don't know now. He may be quite willing to see you married to Parsons; he has given you no reason to suppose that he would do anything to prevent it."

"I've n't told him nothing about it; I don't answer him."

"You needn't tell him anything about it."

"What, not if I takes him to see Jackie, Miss?"

"I don't see why you should tell him. When does Parsons return?"

"In about a week, Miss."

"Without telling William anything about Parsons, you'll be able to find out whether it is his intention to interfere in your life. I quite agree with you that it is important that the men should not meet; but it seems to me, by refusing to speak to William, by refusing to let him see Jackie, you are doing all you can to bring about the meeting that you wish to avoid. Is he much about here?"

"Yes, Miss, he seems hardly ever out of the street, and it do look so bad for the 'ouse. I do feel that ashamed. Since I've been with you, Miss, I don't think you've 'ad to complain of followers."

"Well, don't you see, you foolish girl, that he'll remain hanging about, and the moment Parsons comes back he'll hear of it. You'd better see to this at once."

"Whatever you says, Miss, always do seem right, some'ow. What you says do seem that reasonable, and yet I don't know how to bring myself to go to 'im. I told 'im that I didn't want no truck with 'im."

"Yes, I think you said so. It is a delicate matter to advise any one in, but I feel sure I am right when I say that you have no right to refuse to allow him to do something for the child. Jackie is now eight years old, you've not the means of giving him a proper education, and you know the disadvantage it has been to you not to know how to read and write."

"Jackie can read beautifully—Mrs. Lewis 'as taught him."

"Yes, Esther, but there's much besides reading and writing. Think over what I've said; you're a sensible girl; think it out when you go to bed to-night."

Next day, seeing William in the street, she went upstairs to ask Miss Rice's permission to go out. "Could you spare me, miss, for an hour or so?" was all she said. Miss Rice, who had noticed a man loitering, replied, "Certainly, Esther."

"You aren't afraid to be left in the house alone, miss? I sha'n't be far away."

"No. I'm expecting Mr. Bryant. I'll let him in, and can make the tea myself."

Esther ran up the area steps and walked quickly down the street, as if she were going on an errand. William crossed the road and was soon alongside of her.

"Don't be so 'ard on a chap," he said. "Just listen to reason."

"I don't want to listen to you; you can't have much to say that I care for."

Her tone was still stubborn, but he perceived that it contained a change of humour.

"Come for a little walk, and then, if you don't agree with what I says, I'll never come after you again."

"You must take me for a fool if you think I'd pay attention to your promises."

"Esther, hear me out; you're very unforgiving, but if you'd hear me out——"

"You can speak; no one's preventing you that I can see."

"I can't say it off like that; it is a long story. I know that I've behaved badly to you, but it wasn't as much my fault as you think; I could explain a good lot of it."

"I don't care about your explanations. If you've only got explanations——"

"There's that boy."

"Oh, it is the boy you're thinking of?"

"Yes, and you, too, Esther. The mother can't be separated from the child."

"Very likely; the father can, though."

"If you talk that snappish I shall never get out what I've to say. I've treated you badly, and it is to make up for the past as far as I can——"

"And how do you know that you aren't doing harm by coming after me?"

"You mean you're keeping company with a chap, and don't want me?"

"You don't know I'm not a married woman; you don't know what kind of situation I'm in. You comes after me just because it pleases your fancy, and don't give it a thought that you mightn't get me the sack, as you got it me before."

"There's no use nagging; just let's go where we can have a talk, and then if you aren't satisfied you can go your way and I can go mine. You said I didn't know that you wasn't married. I don't, but if you aren't so much the better. If you are, you've only to say so and I'll take my hook. I've done quite enough harm, without coming between you and your husband."

William spoke earnestly, and his words came so evidently from his heart, that Esther was touched against her will.

"No, I ain't married yet," she replied.

"I'm glad of that."

"I don't see what odds it can make to you whether I'm married or not. If I ain't married you are."

(To be continued.)

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COLONIAL NOTES.

It is a hard saying, but we do not thinkthe inexperienced will controvert it, that it is not, as a rule, your old country agriculturist who does best in farming in the British colonies. The experience of Australia and New Zealand, at any rate, often tells a contrary tale, and the counter jumper—yea, even the despised City clerk—often does better on the land than the born-and-bred husbandman from home. There is nothing paradoxical in this; for while the latter comes to colonial tillage with preconceived methods utterly unsuited to the new conditions, and which he is too conservative to change till taught by bitter experience, and perhaps not even then, the former, having everything to learn, learns the local methods right away, and rushes to success, while his neighbour, the trained agriculturist from Essex or Lincoln, is still employed in grumbling at the disillusion of his British prejudices, and the cussedness of colonial ways. Thus that great teacher—the world—makes all even, and no one is entitled to be cocksure.

We are led into making these remarks through what is being witnessed every day in New Zealand, where, owing to the greater similarity in climatic conditions, the trained agricultural immigrant has more of a handicap in his favour than in Australia. Quite recently some sixty Britishers—mostly young and moneyed—have gone to a special settlement in Taranaki, and from all accounts they seem likely to furnish a fresh object-lesson in the direction we have been stating. The majority have not had special agricultural training, and yet no one on that account seems, from the notices in the local press, to regard them as less likely to achieve success.

It cannot be denied, of course, that those who have been bred up to manual toil at home have a distinct advantage over those who go into manual occupations in the colonies without any such preliminary usance. It is, therefore, in the line of close culture that we may expect to see the gentleman emigrant, where he does not possess the large capital necessary for taking up pastoral pursuits doing best for himself in the outlying portions of the Empire. Sugar-planting in Queensland may absorb the energies of gentlemen settlers with a fair stock of cash, while for those with somewhat less means a great field of effort is opened up by the irrigation colonies of Australia, whereas, under the auspices of the Messrs. Chaffey, of Mildura and Renmark, retired officers and Civil servants, and even English noblemen, are seen throwing themselves with zest into orange, lemon, and grape growing, these cultures requiring just the sort of light labour and "brainy" supervision which enables the man of education to tell in the race with the mere man of thews and sinews. Troubles the settlers on the banks of the Murray have had to confront, but no one expects that initiatory enterprises of this kind can be brought to successful fruition without difficulty, and it is at least gratifying to those who follow out with intelligent interest the working of social experiments that after an experience of six years one of the leading colonial journals can say that "there is reason to believe that Renmark as well as Mildura will yet fulfil the early promise of great prosperity."

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